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1872

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Early English Text Society.

þe Liflade  
of  
St. Julian,

FROM  
TWO OLD ENGLISH MANUSCRIPTS OF 1230 A.D.

WITH  
Renderings into Modern English,  
BY THE  
REV. O. COCKAYNE, AND EDMUND BROCK.

EDITED BY THE  
REV. OSWALD COCKAYNE, M.A.,  
ST. JOHNS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;  
EDITOR OF LEECHDOMS STARCKRAFT AND WORTCUNNING, ETC. ETC.

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# Early English Text Society.

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The Publications for 1865 and 1866 are out of print, but a separate subscription has been opened for their immediate reprint. The Texts for 1864, and all but four for 1865, have been reprinted. Subscribers who desire the Texts of all or any of these years should send their names at once to the Hon. Secretary, as several hundred additional names are required before the Texts for 1866 can be sent to press.

*The Publications for 1861 (one guinea) are :—*

1. EARLY ENGLISH ALLITERATIVE POEMS, ab. 1360 A.D. ed. R. Morris. 18s.
2. ARTHUR, ab. 1410, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 4s.
3. LAUDER ON THE DEWTIME OF KYNGIS, &c., 1356, ed. F. Hall. 4s.
4. SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT, ab. 1300, ed. R. Morris. 10s.

*The Publications for 1865 (one guinea) are :—*

5. HUME'S ORTHOGRAPHIE AND CONGRUITATE OF THE BRITAN TONGUE, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4s.
6. LANCELOT OF THE LAIK, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 8s.
7. GENESIS AND EXODUS, ab. 1250, ed. R. Morris.
8. MORTE ARTHURE, ab. 1410, E. Brock. 7s.
9. THYNNYE (IN CHAUCER'S WORK) ab. 1358, ed. Dr. Kingsley.
10. MERLIN, ab. 1440, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
11. LYNDSEY'S MONARCHE, &c., 1352, Part I., ed. F. Hall.
12. WRIGHT'S CHASTE WIFE, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s.

*The Publications for 1866 are :—*

13. SEINTE MARHERETE, 1300-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
14. KYNG HORN, FLORIS AND BLANCHE FLOEUR, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
15. POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, AND LOVE POEMS, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
16. THE BOOK OF QUINTE ESSENCE, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
17. PARALLEL EXTRACTS FROM 29 MSS. OF PIERS THE PLOWMAN, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
18. HALI MEIDENHAD, ab. 1290, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
19. LYNDSEY'S MONARCHE, &c., Part II., ed. F. Hall.
20. HAMPOLY'S ENGLISH PROSE TREATISES, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
21. MERLIN, Part II., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
22. PARTEVAY (LUSIGNEN), ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
23. DAN MICHEL'S AYENBITE OF INWYT, 1310, ed. R. Morris.

*The Publications for 1867 (one guinea, less Nos. 24, 25, 26, out of print) are :—*

24. HYMNS TO THE VIRGIN AND CHRIST; THE PARLIAMENT OF DEVILS, &c., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3s.
25. THE STACIONS OF ROME, THE PILGRIMS' SEA-VOYAGE, WITH CLENE MAYDENHOD, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s.
26. RELIGIOUS PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE, from R. Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440), ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2s.
27. LEVINS'S MANIPULUS VOCABULORUM, 1370 ed. H. B. Wheatley. 12s.
28. WILLIAM'S VISION OF PIERS THE PLOWMAN, 1302 A.D. Part I. The Earliest or Vernon Text; Text A, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6s.
29. EAFLY ENGLISH HOMILIES (ab. 1220-30 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part II., Edited by R. Morris. 7s.
30. PIERCE THE PLOUGHMAN'S CREDE, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2s.

*The Publications for 1868 (one guinea) are :—*

31. MYRC'S DUTIES OF A PARISH PRIEST in Verse, ab. 1290 A.D. ed. E. Peacock. 4s.
32. THE BABIES BOOK, ULBRITATIS, THE BOKES OF NATURE OF JOHN RUSSELL AND HUGH RHODES, THI BOKES OF KERUYNG, CURTASYE, AND DEMEANOUR, &c. with some French and Latin Poems on like subjects, ed. from Harclian and other MSS. by F. J. Furnivall. 15s.
33. THE KNIGHT DE LA TOUR LANDRY (from French of A.D. 1372), ab. 1440 A.D. A Father's Book for his Daughters, ed. from Harl. MS. 1764 and Caxton's version, by Thomas Wright. 8s.
34. EARLY ENGLISH HOMILIES (before 130 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part III., ed. R. Morris. LLD. 8s.
35. LYNDSEY'S WORKS, Part III.: The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2s.

*The Publications for 1869 (one guinea) are :—*

36. MERLIN, Part III. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq.; with an Essay on Arthurian Localities, by J. S. Stuart Glennie, Esq. 12s.
37. SIR DAVID LYNDSEY'S WORKS, Part IV., containing An Satyre of the Three Estates. Edited by F. Hall, Esq. 4s.
38. WILLIAM'S VISION OF PIERS THE PLOWMAN, Part II. Text B. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat. M.A. 10s. 6d.
39. THE ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY, translated from Guido de Colonna. Edited from the unique Ms. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the Rev. G. A. Fenton. Part I. 10s. 6d.

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¶ The Subscriptions for 1872 became due on Jan. 1, and should be paid forthwith (not to the Treasurer, but) to the Hon. Sec., GEORGE JOACHIM, Esq., St Andrew House, Change Alley, London, E.C., by Post-office Order on the Chief Office, or to the Society's account at the Union Bank, Argyll St, Regent St, London, W.

¶ No books will be sent to any Member until his Subscription for 1872, and his arrears, if any, are paid.

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## Early English Text Society.

### Eighth Report of the Committee, January, 1872.

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§ 1. THE Society's Texts last year took an extraordinary range, as well in language as in subjects of interest. Stretching, on the one hand, from the time of Alfred to that of James I, they reacht, on the other, from the sufferings of Christ, from the Holy Grail, 'mystic, wonderful,' to sketches of Scotch manners in 1530, and of London follies in 1617. But over all this range the purpose of the Society was well carried out,—the desire to make plainer to Englishmen of to-day the life, the thought, and tongue of their forefathers, who in olden time called England 'home.'

The 'Joseph of Arimathie,' or History of the Holy Graal,

took men back to the Crusades of the twelfth century, and our own Lionheart, whose father's chaplain gave the world the vision of the Blood of God, to lift them out of the fierce passions of lawless life into the purity and holiness that alone could fit them for heaven. Still has the Vision power over us ; never will it lose its fascination over the student of Middle-Age Romance. The ancient fragment of its History issued by the Society was first made known to Arthurian readers by its editor, Mr Skeat ; and the three black-letter lives of Joseph of Arimathæa reprinted in the Appendix, with the quaint woodcut of the Glastonbury Thorn from Pynson's edition, and the general Introduction by Mr Skeat, added much to the interest of the book.

'King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's *Pastoral Care*' chiefly claimed attention on account of its language. It gave opportunity for the study of the 9th-century forms, in contrast with those of the later stages of the language represented in most of our printed Anglo-Saxon books. But it was impossible for a reader to follow, page after page, the precepts of the old saint, without strong sympathy with his purpose, and without feeling what help his wise counsels must have given to those who in Alfred's time shepherded the flocks of God in our land. The teacher evidently taught from the experience of his own heart, warning his hearers against the temptations he had himself felt.

In 'The Legends of the Holy Rood, Symbols of the Passion, and Cross-Poems,' was contained a rare store of curious stories about the finding and making of Christ's Cross, the history of the tree from which it was cut, the nails that were driven into it, and everything else belonging to it,—details in which the mediæval mind ran riot. But the volume also included some very pathetic poems on the subject which most took hold of the religious feeling of the Middle Ages, the Mother by the Cross of her Son. Divine or non-divine, here all were one ; and all hearts beat as they heard the sad lament—

Feet, and fayre bondes,  
That nou ben croised ! I custe hem ofte ;  
I lulled hem ; I leid hem softe.  
Cros ! thou holdest hem hije on lofste,  
Bounden in bledyng bondes !

Mother and child ; life and death ; the fate of the world : no wonder that such topics toucht the hearts of men.

The seven 'Minor Poems of Lindesay' brought again under view the social condition of Scotland in the middle of the 16th century, which had been dealt with by the former Parts of the poet's works, and by Lauder. The evils of Roman Catholicism,

the abuse of the Confessional, the misdeeds of courtiers, the absurdities of doctors, of women's long tails and veils, were all exposed in the strong, straight-hitting words of the forwarder of the Reformation in Scotland. Prof. Nichol's rapid sketch of Scotch Poetry, prefixed to these Poems, served, on the one hand, to bring under the notice of Southrons many names and works of worth not familiar to them before; and, on the other, to set Lyndesay, Lyon King, in his right place among his peers.

Of 'The Times' Whistle and other Poems, by R. C. gent, A.D. 1616,' some account was given in our last Report, p. 6; and a justification was there put forward of our Society's undertaking so late a work. Now that the book has appeared, its contents have proved the wisdom of its production. Its sketches of London and English life in Shakspere's time, the light it has thrown on many of the dark places of its day, have rendered the book acceptable to a larger circle of readers than the Society includes, and have shown that it would have been an act of culpable folly for the Committee to have left the MS. longer unprinted, especially when there was no other Society than our own to put it in type.

Assuredly the Texts of our Original Series in 1871 have nothing to fear when compared for range, variety, and interest, with those of any former year. Of course they were limited in number by the perpetual want of money that the Society suffers; but still, for their guinea, subscribers got over a thousand pages of sound matter,—less than a farthing a page.

§ 2. The income of the Extra Series is unluckily so much less than that of the Original Series, that in the former only three Texts could be issued in 1871. Yet the first two of these were of singular value to the student of Tudor England, from the light they threw on the social evils of Henry VIII's and his son's times, and the need they showed for a political as well as a religious Reformation. Across the gulf of three hundred years came voices to us that our own days echo; cries of the sacrifice of men to money, of the poor to landlords' and masters' greed; calls for a wider, a better education; demands for the removal of hindrances to men's well-being; reminders to us of what since then had been won from prejudice and ignorance; reminders, too, of how much remains to win.

Are such works 'dry-as-dust'? Nay, rather, living things, wet with the tears, quivering with the emotion, of those who yet plead and struggle for the Right.

Starkey's treatise, printed for the first time from the manuscript by the Society, is an authority of the first order, which

no historian or student of Henry's reign can neglect; and the volume of Supplications is not far short of it in importance.

The third Text of the Extra Series was Part III of Mr Ellis's great work on 'Early English Pronunciation,' a work of which English scholarship may be proud.<sup>1</sup> Of the three Parts, this third proved the most interesting, for it contained Mr Ellis's views of the pronunciation of Chaucer and Shakspere, of Gower, Wycliffe, Spenser, and Sidney, besides the treatises of William Salesbury, which were the foundation-stones of Mr Ellis's investigations. A critical text of Chaucer's Prologue to his Canterbury Tales, and a Pronouncing Vocabulary of the sixteenth Century, were also included in this Part, with much other important matter. Our Members will hear with pleasure that Mr Ellis has recovered his health, and that they may look for the completion of his most valuable work in 1874 or 1875.

§ 3. *Original-Series Texts for 1872.* Of these the first was ready last June, but had to be kept back from want of subscriptions to bring it into last year's issue. It is the volume *An Old-English Miscellany* edited by the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D., mentioned in our two last Reports. The contents of the volume range from the 13th to the 15th century, and contain, besides the quaint Bestiary from the Arundel MS. 292, and the curious old Kentish Sermons from a French original that Mons. Paul Meyer pointed out, a very interesting collection of religious Poems, and two texts of the Proverbs of Alfred. The second Text is Part II of *King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral*,—edited by Mr Henry Sweet of Baliol,—of which the first Part has already been noticed on p. 2 of this Report. In his Introduction in Part II, Mr Sweet has—for the first time these 800 years—pointed-out the special characteristics of the language of Alfred's time, and contrasted it with the later stages of Anglo-Saxon. The Latin text of the Pastoral, of which Mr Sweet had at first intended to print a critical edition as an Appendix to the Society's book, he has since been obliged to postpone indefinitely, from want of time; but the Latin is easily accessible else-

<sup>1</sup> 'Mr Ellis's great work on "Early English Pronunciation . . ." well exemplifies the benefit which societies like the Early English, the Philological, and the Chaucer, are able to confer. No publisher, we feel certain, would have undertaken its publication. The author must either have published it himself with the certain result of a heavy pecuniary loss, or the world must have suffered the still heavier loss of the work altogether. It is of course superfluous to praise Mr Ellis, and that thoroughness with which . . . he has worked out every detail, however minute. . . Our feeling in reading Mr Ellis's pages is, that he has done a work which will never require to be done again.'—*Westminster Review*, No. lxxx. Oct. 1871, p. 565.

where. The third Text will be the two short thirteenth-century versions (MSS. ab. 1230 A.D.) of the Life and Martyrdom of *Juliana*, that of the Bodleian MS. being edited by the Rev. T. O. Cockayne, and that of the Cotton MS. by Mr E. Brock, both with renderings into modern English. These three Texts will be issued early in February.

Three more Texts are in active preparation, and will, it is hoped, be ready in the spring: Part II of the alliterative *Gest Historiale of the Destruction of Troy*, edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow, by the Rev. G. A. Panton and Mr D. Donaldson; the fourth and concluding Part of the prose Romance of *Merlin*, edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq.; and three Texts of the *Lay Folks' Mass-Book*, edited by the Rev. T. F. Simmons, Canon of York.

The *Mass-Book* has been long in type, and proofs of it have been widely circulated in the hope of getting other versions, or the original of the poem, but in vain.

§ 4. *Extra-Series Texts for 1872.* First, the curious Epigrams and other tracts of Robert Crowley, printer and preacher on the social evils of England in 1550-1 A.D., which were described at length on pages 12-13 of our last Report. This volume was ready for issue in the summer of 1871, before its editor, Mr J. M. Cowper, left England for Lima, but it had—like the *Old-English Miscellany* for the Original Series—to be kept back for want of funds. Second: Chaucer's *Treatise on the Astrolabe*, A.D. 1391, of which Mr Skeat has examined sixteen MSS., and chosen the best two as the basis of his edition for the Society. The MSS. of this work are—especially at the end—in a much greater mess, as to sense, than the MSS. of any of Chaucer's other works, but Mr Skeat believes that by collation and correction, he has secured a satisfactory text of the great poet's school-book for 'Lowis' his 'lytel sonne.' The Chaucer Society will issue this edition to its Members too, and will share with ourselves the cost of producing it. Third: Mr J. A. H. Murray has promised to finish by April the famous *Complaynt of Scotland*, ab. 1548 A.D., described in our Fifth Report, Jan. 1869, p. 20, and which has been long in type. Its picture of the social condition of Scotland at its date, its account of the Tales, the sweet Songs, the Tunes and Dances of the peasantry, cannot fail to interest every reader, while its antagonism to England will amuse him. If, after paying for these three books, there are any funds left for a portion of Barbour's *Bruce*, it will be issued accordingly.

§ 5. So many questions have been asked as to the probable date of issue of books long announced by the Society, that—

6    § 5. *Probable Order of Original-Series Texts, 1873-5.*

though at the risk of possible disappointment in some cases—the Committee think it well to set down the order in which they believe the Texts of the next three years will appear in the Original Series:—

1873.

Old-English Homilies, Series II, ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D., from the unique MS. in Trinity Coll. Cambridge. (*Nearly all printed.*)

Palladius on Husbandrie, englisch (ab. 1420 A.D.), ed. Rev. Barton Lodge, M.A., from the unique MS. in Colchester Castle. (*Nearly all printed.*)

Vision of Piers Plowman, Text C., ed. Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A.

The Gawaine Poems, ed. Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D.

Lyndesay's Works, Part VI, ed. Jas. A. H. Murray, Esq.

Sir Generides, a Romance, ab. 1430 A.D., ed. W. Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A., from the unique MS. in Trinity Coll. Cambridge.

1874.

Cursor Mundi, Part I, the Northern and Midland versions, from the MSS., on opposite pages, ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. (*At press.*)

Notes on the Vision of Piers Plowman, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.

The Charlemagne Romances, I, Sir Ferumbras, ed. Jn. Shelly, Esq., from the unique MS. in the Bodleian.

Cato's Morals, ed. Edmund Brock.

The Rule of St Benet, five texts, ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. (*At press.*)

1875.

Ælfric's Metrical Homilies, ed. Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A.

The Charlemagne Romances, Part II, ed. Jn. Shelly, Esq.

The Blickling Anglo-Saxon Homilies, ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D., from the late Marquis of Lothian's unique MS. (*At press.*)

Jon the Gardener, &c., An Early-English Herb-Book, ed. Rev. T. O. Cockayne.

But the order of these books will be liable to be shifted at any time by one editor having his work ready before another's, as notified in our Sixth Report for January, 1870, p. 2, § 3; or want of money may cause delay in the issue.

A second volume, though a small one, on *English Gilds*, will be produced in course of time, to include two fresh London-Gild statutes that have been found among the Rawlinson MSS. at Oxford, the Account book of the Sleaford Gild, and any other like documents that may turn up.<sup>1</sup> These will be prefaced by a short Essay putting forward the opposite theory to Dr Brentano's, so ably maintained by Mr H. C. Coote in the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society's Transactions, 1871,<sup>2</sup> namely, that the English Gilds were not self-originant,

<sup>1</sup> The Register of the Corpus Christi Gild at York is in the press for the Surtees Society.

<sup>2</sup> The Part contains the Ordinances of the following London Secular Gilds:

but were direct descendants of the old Roman *Collegia*, with which Mr Coote has shown that they have at least 15 essential points in common.<sup>1</sup>

After the works above-named will come Dr Morris's third series of Old English Homilies, and the completion of the Anglo-Saxon ones; Audelay's Works; the *Catholicon Anglicum*, and other early Dictionaries; Barbour's Troy-Book and Lives of Saints; Gospel-Stories and poems from the Vernon MS.; the Southern-dialect Saints-Lives in Harl. MS. 2277; Adam Davie's Works, &c. When these, and other minor works mentioned in pages 24-6 of our Fifth Report, Jan. 1869, have been cleared off, we may hope to produce the great Cyclopædia of Middle-age learning, *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, englished by Trevisa in 1399, and then take up Occleve, Lydgate, Peter Idle, Hugh Campden, &c. There is at least twenty or thirty years' work ahead of us, unless the talkt-of Anglo-Saxon Text Society, and a Lydgate Society, will clear out of our way all the earlier and later MSS. that we have to print.

§ 6. The order of the future texts of the Extra-Series is liable to doubt, on account of the inability of Mr Furnivall to obtain access to the Jersey copy of Caxton's edition—the only one that has the text complete—of Maleore's *Morte Darthur*. If an opportunity for collating the few pages needed can be got in 1872, the first Part of the *Morte Darthur* will be produced in 1873; but if not, then Part I of the re-edition of Lonelich's *Seynt Graal*, or 'History of the Holy Grail,' will be issued, together with either the *Myrroure of our Lady*, 1530,<sup>2</sup> or Henry Brinklow's *Complaynt of Roderyck Mors*, ab. 1536 A.D., and his *Lamentacion against the Cite of London*, 1542, all of which are noticed in our last Report, p. 14, 13. As soon as one

Glovers, A.D. 1354; Blacksmiths, A.D. 1454; Shearmen, A.D. 1452; Water-bearers; Gild of the Holy Blood of Wilsnak in Saxony, A.D. 1459 and 1490; Gild of St Katherine, A.D. 1495; Ordinances of Clerks' Wages, 1456, &c. On Merchant-Gilds (not Craft ones) see some remarks in Mr Jas. Thompson's "Essay on English Municipal History," Longmans, 1867.

<sup>1</sup> See M. Gaston Boissier's article on 'Les Associations Ouvrières et charitables dans l'Empire Romain' in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Dec. 1, 1871. The associations had their presidents (*magistri, quinquennales*), their treasurers (*quaestores*), their official list (*album*) of members, their entrance fees, and their monthly payments. The burial societies were especially important, and to these the earliest Christian associations belong. All had their common meetings (a quorum being necessary for any business), their dinners at regular times, their regulations as to expenses.—*Academy*, 15 Dec., 1871, p. 564, col. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Prof. Brewer cannot yet fix a date for the appearance of Starkey's Life and Letters.

Romance is finisht, another will take its place, and be accompanied by either Part IV of Mr Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation*, or the volume of *Early Interludes* (7th Report, January, 1871, p. 14), Harrison's *Description of England*, Stafford's *Examination of Certain Ordinary Complaints*, 1581, or another of the *Tudor-England Series*. The object will be to make the Extra-Series henceforth mainly one of Romances, but yet to keep up in it that set of illustrations of later social life which the *Book of Curtesye*, *Queen Elizabethe Achademy*, *Audelay and Harman*, *Andrew Boorde*, *Starkey*, and the *Supplications* have so well exemplified.<sup>1</sup> With much Fancy a little Fact may be usefully mixt.

§ 7. *Reprints of 1865.* Of these, which should be eight in number, only four could be issued last year; and from the cause which affected both our other series, want of funds. When the series of Reprints was first announced, in the note to page 1 of our Third Report for January, 1867, the Committee gave clear notice that 'No subscriptions for any current year will be carried to this Reprinting-Fund,' but they undertook to supplement the subscriptions to the Reprints by the money derived from the sales of back Texts. This they have done; and, by means of back-sale monies (£62 16s.), have enabled the subscribers for the texts of 1864 and 1865 to have the four Texts of 1864, and the four Texts of 1865 as yet issued, which cost above £220, although the subscriptions are 70 guineas in arrear. Another Text for 1865, *Genesis and Exodus*, No. 7, is in the press, and is estimated to cost £100. If, then, all the subscriptions are paid up, and £30 be available from back sales, the utmost that the Committee can give for these sums will be the *Genesis*, unless they burden the current year's income with the payment for the other three texts of 1865,—*Thynne* (No. 9), *Merlin I* (No. 10), and *Lyndesay I* (No. 11), costing about £150,—or victimize Mr Childs for two of the Texts, and Mr Austin for the other. Still, as the back Texts go on selling, no doubt arrangements can be made for completing the 1865 Texts. But on looking to the sum, over £650, required for the Texts of 1866, and contrasting it with the sum (£127 1s.) that four years' trial of the Reprinting scheme has shown can be raised for 1866, the Committee are forced, though most reluctantly, to give-up the hope of ever being able to reprint these Texts. All that the Committee can do is this: If the promist 121 subscribers will pay their guineas in advance

<sup>1</sup> Mr Arber has already taken off our hands Roy's bitter *Rede me & be not wroth*, and he promises next autumn Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, which is indispensable to the student of Elizabethan England.

for the only two Texts of 1866 necessary for them to have<sup>1</sup>, that is, *Lyndesay's Monarche*, Part II, and *Merlin*, Part II, the Committee will undertake to produce these two Texts in 1872, though the subscriptions will not be enough to pay for them, and the Committee will also arrange with their printers and publisher for the reprint of Part I of the *Merlin* and Part I of the *Monarche*, on the chance of clearing their cost by enabling complete sets of the books to be sold to the Trade.

Much as the subscribers to the Reprints may feel disappointed at not being able to complete their sets, they must attribute it partly to their own want of energy in getting more subscribers, and partly to the indifference—arising mainly from ignorance—of Englishmen generally to their old Literature. The Committee cannot take any blame on themselves in the matter: the Reprints were not undertaken for their convenience; on the contrary, the Reprints have been a very great nuisance to the Society's officers and editors, and have also deprived Members old and new of extra books, by absorbing back-sale money which would have otherwise gone to produce fresh Texts. But still the Committee have willingly done their best for the scheme, out of regard for the subscribers to it, and will be ready at any future time to take advantage of any chance that may offer, to reprint the rest of the 1866 Texts, even if it be necessary to sell the whole of the back-texts of 1864, -5, and -6 for the purpose.

§ 8. *Large-Paper copies of Romances and Poems.* Application having been made from Manchester for the terms on which Large-Paper copies of the secular poetical works in the Original Series could be supplied, the Committee find, that if 25 members will undertake to buy the large-papers at 1s. a sheet of 16 pages, they can have copies of all or any of Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, 12, 32 (rearranged), 39 (and its continuation), 44,—and of any of the religious poems except No. 15. The books could be delivered within 6 weeks of the number of 25 subscribers being completed, and the subscriptions paid in advance. Letters on this subject should be sent, not to the Hon. Sec., but to John Leigh, Esq., Sandiway House, Whalley Range, Manchester.

§ 9. *Prizes.* Through the kindness of the Professors and Teachers who hold examinations for them, our Prizes continue to encourage among some students and boys a study of our early Language and Literature; but the hold of Classics is too firmly fixt for the displacement of any of its fangs by English to happen rapidly. The only hope is, that when, in later life,

<sup>1</sup> Nothing short of a subscription of five guineas a-piece by the Members who now want the 1866 Texts, will enable the Committee to produce them.

men's Classics drop off them, their early English studies may still cling to them. The following is the list of the Winners of, and Examiners for, our Prizes in 1871 :—

<i>Winners.</i>	<i>Examiners.</i>
Geo. Gardiner, Perthshire	Prof. Masson, University, Edinburgh
John P. Struthers, Glasgow	Prof. Nichol, University, Glasgow
John Glassee, Auchtermuchty	Prof. Baynes, University, St Andrew's
B. Banks, 1870	Prof. Dowden, Trin. Coll., Dublin
Thos. B. Willson, 1871 } 1 Wm. D. Blyth } 2 Wm. C. Taylor }	<i>The late</i> Prof. Bushton, Queen's College, Cork
John O'Beirne Croke	Prof. Moffatt, Queen's College, Galway
1 W. C. Shera Laird	Prof. Yonge, Queen's College, Belfast
2 { Joseph E. C. Munro	Prof. Morley, University Coll., London
John Laurence Rentoul }	Dr S. C. Davison, University Coll. School
Chas. E. Moyse, Torquay	Rev. Dr R. Morris, King's Coll. Evening Classes <sup>1</sup>
Robt. Arthur Germaine	The Masters, King's College School
John Elliot	Prof. Ward, Owen's Coll., Manchester
E. Brand Scallan	Dr E. Adams, Evening Class, ditto
William Summers	Rev. E. A. Abbott, City of London School
R. Muilman Chiswell	Rev. G. Perkins, Manchester Gram. Sch.
Cecil Bendall }	R. Spence Watson, Esq., Literary and Phi- losophical Soc., Newcastle
T. T. Jeffery }	Dr R. F. Weymouth, Mill Hill School
Ashton }	Rev. A. Jessopp, D.D., Norwich School
Mercer }	Rev. S. J. W. Sanders, Bedfordshire Middle-Class School
Beer }	
Miss Every	
Nathaniel Micklem	
William Henry Line }	
Francis Logan (2nd prize) }	

The only addition made during 1871 to the list of places receiving Prizes, was that of the 'Akademie zu Münster,' Westphalia, at the request of Prof. Horstmann.

§ 10. Since we noticed in 1869 "the awakened interest in the study of Early English," outside our Society, some signs have been given that that interest continues, though it has not been sufficient to increase our own numbers. Dr Morris's *Selections from Chaucer* has reacht a 2nd edition; his *Specimens of Early English* to 1400 A.D. is now being extended and re-edited by him and Mr Skeat, with a Glossary extending over 115 pages, and

<sup>1</sup> No examination was held in the College day-classes either in 1870 or 1871.

containing several thousands of references, forming a compendious handbook of the language of the fourteenth century. Dr Morris's *Historical Outlines of English Accidence* is just ready; Mr Skeat's own school edition of the second version of the *Vision of Piers Plowman* has been published, and largely used, and his *Specimens of English from the Crede to the Shepherd's Calendar* (1394 — 1579) has lately appeared. Other works have been Prof. March's able 'Comparative Grammar of Anglo-Saxon'; Mr Skeat's critical edition of the Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian versions of St Mark's Gospel, on the plan of the edition of St Matthew's Gospel, as projected, and in part executed by the late J. M. Kemble nearly 20 years ago; Mr Abbott's Shaksperian Grammar; Part I of the 2nd edition of Dr F. H. Stratmann's Old-English Dictionary, 1100 to 1400 A.D., much enlarged and improved, and which ought to be in all our Members' hands; Professor Ten Brink's Chaucer *Studien*; Mr A. E. Brae's carefully annotated edition of Chaucer's *Astrolabe*; the Select Prose Works of John Wycliffe (the text of which unluckily needs re-reading with the MSS.); Mr Earle's 'Philology of the English Tongue'; the new edition of Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' of which the 2nd volume (the first of the text) has been added to, and altered by many members of our Society, so as to bring it up to the present state of knowledge; the translation of M. Taine's glowing account of our early literature in his brilliant and able *History*, &c. Reviewers no longer assure us that the *Ayenbite* is Midland; and of the articles on Chaucer in the last two years, two have shown good knowledge of their subject; but many years must pass, before the prevalent impression is abolished, that (as Mr Skeat said in *The Times*) it is the duty of everybody's neighbour, and not of himself, to know something of Early English and Chaucer. To this end the energies of every Member of the Society should be devoted.

§ 11. *Subscriptions.* The Committee regret very much that the Arrears of Subscriptions complained of in the Reports of 1870 and 1871 have increased instead of decreasing. They "amounted, on Dec. 31, 1870, to £160" (7th Report, p. 18); they amounted, on Dec. 31, 1871, to £175. The Members in arrear have thought it honest to take their fellow-members' books without paying for them, and have considered it consistent with gentlemanly feeling to give Mr Wheatley the trouble of writing to them no less than four times for their arrears, without returning an answer to any of his applications. The Committee have heard of this with much disgust, and have struck these men's names off the Society's list. As too the burden of

12 § 12. *Changes of Officers. A new Honorary Secretary.*

dunning for arrears has added so much to Mr Wheatley's work that he has been obliged to resign his post of *Honorary Secretary*, in which he has rendered such signal service to the Society, the Committee have resolved that the like annoyance shall not be given to his successor, and they have therefore resolved that henceforth

No Texts shall be sent to any Member until his current year's subscription is paid.

Even if this rule should cut down the Members of the Society to four-fifths or two-thirds of their old number, the remainder will have the satisfaction of knowing that only those men who pay for the books get them.

§ 12. *Changes of Officers.* The Committee cannot allow Mr Wheatley's resignation of his Honorary-Secretaryship to pass by without a strong expression of their feeling of the value of the work he has done for the Society for now eight years. Since the beginning of 1864, when the Society started, Mr Wheatley has done single-handed the work of both Honorary Secretary and Treasurer; he has managed the whole of the business-matters of the Society; and few days of the year have past without his pen being employed in its service. He has also edited the unique MS. prose Romance of *Merlin* for us, and the unique MS. tract on the *Britan Tongue* by Hume, besides having designed our Dictionary-Series, and edited the valuable Ryming Dictionary of Levins. Such services speak for themselves; the Committee are sure that all our Members fully recognize them, and that they will be glad to hear that Mr Wheatley has consented to act henceforth as *Treasurer* of the Society. His place as Honorary Secretary will be filled by one of his friends, GEORGE JOACHIM, Esq., of St Andrew House, Change Alley, Cornhill, London, E.C., who has most kindly volunteered to take on himself the trouble of the post.

In connection with these changes, and in conformity with the practice of other Societies, the Committee have thought it well to recognize publicly the position which Mr Furnivall has in fact held since the foundation of the Society by him in 1864; and they have therefore given him the name of *Director*.

In conclusion, the Committee have, with increased urgency, to press on the remaining Members of the Society the *duty* of paying their subscriptions promptly, and of using every effort to supply the places of those Members who have been struck-off the list. We want £1000 a year for each Series, to do our work properly. The usual statement of the Society's condition is subjoined.

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[The Honorary Secretary of the *Chaucer Society*, and the *Ballad Society*, is Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.

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*Abstract of the Income and Expenditure of the EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY for the Year ending Dec. 31, 1871.*

27

We have examined this Account with the Books and Vouchers, and certify that it is correct.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, TREASURER.  
WM. CUNNINGHAM GLEN, } AUDITORS.  
REGINALD HANSON, M.A. }

## ORIGINAL SERIES.

*The Publications for 1864 (21s.) are :—*

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1360 A.D., ed. R. Morris. 16s.
2. Arthur, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 4s.
3. Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c., 1556, ed. F. Hall. 4s.
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1360, ed. R. Morris. 10s.

*The Publications for 1865 (21s.) are :—*

5. Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4s.
6. Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 8s.
7. Genesis and Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. R. Morris.
8. Morte Arthure, ab. 1440, ed. E. Brock. 7s.
9. Thynne on Chaucer's Works, ab. 1598, ed. Dr Kingsley.
10. Merlin, ab. 1440, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
11. Lyndessay's Monarche, &c., 1552, Part I., ed. F. Hall.
12. The Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. Furnivall.

*The Publications for 1866 are :—*

13. Seinte Marherete, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
14. King Horn, Floris and Blancheflour, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
15. Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
16. The Book of Quinte Essence, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
17. Parallel Extracts from 29 MSS. of Piers the Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
18. Hali Meidenhad, ab. 1200, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
19. Lyndessay's Monarche, &c., Part II., ed. F. Hall.
20. Hampshire's English Prose Treatises, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
21. Merlin, Part II., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
22. Partenay or Lusignan, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
23. Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwynt, 1340, ed. R. Morris.

*The Publications for 1867 (one guinea, less No. 24, 25, 26, out of print) are :—*

24. Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3s.
25. The Stacions of Rome, the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage, with Clene Maydenhad, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s.
26. Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse, from R. Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440), ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2s.
27. Levin's Manipulus Vocabulorum, 1570, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 12s.
28. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, 1362 A.D. Part I. The earliest or Vernon Text; Text A. Edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6s.
29. Early English Homilies (ab. 1220-30 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part I. Edited by R. Morris. 7s.
30. Pierce the Plowman's Crede, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2s.

*The Publications for 1868 (one guinea) are :—*

31. Myro's Duties of a Pariah Priest, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 4s.
32. The Babees Boke, Urbanitatis, the Bokes of Morture of John Russell and Hugh Rhodes, the Bokes of Keruyng, Curtayng, and Demeanour, &c., with some French and Latin Poems on like subjects, ed. from Harleian and other MSS. by F. J. Furnivall. 16s.
33. The Knight De La Tour Landry (from French of A.D. 1372), ab. 1440 A.D. A Father's Book for his Daughters, ed. from Harl. MS. 1764 and Caxton's version, by Thomas Wright. 8s.
34. Early English Homilies (before 1300 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part II. Edited by R. Morris. 8s.
35. Lyndessay's Works, Part III.: The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2s.

*The Publications for 1869 (one guinea) are :—*

36. Merlin, Part III. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq.; with an Essay on Arthurian Localities, by J. S. Stuart Glennie, Esq. 12s.
37. Lyndessay's Works, Part IV., containing Ane Satyre of the Three Estaits. Edited by F. Hall, Esq. 4s.
38. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, Part II. Text B. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 10s. 6d.
39. The Alliterative Romance of the Destruction of Troy, translated from Guido de Colonna. Edited by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the Rev. G. A. Pantin. Part I. 10s. 6d.

*The Publications for 1870 are :—*

40. English Gilds, their Statutes and Customs, 1389 A.D. Edited by the late Toulmin Smith, Esq., and Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, with a Preliminary Essay, in 5 parts, on 'The History and Development of Gilds, and the Origin of Trades-Unions,' by Lujo Brentano. 21s.
41. William Lauder's Minor Poems. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq. 3s.
42. Bernardus De Cura Roi Familiaris, with some Early Scottish Prophecies, &c. From a MS. K.K. 15, in the Cambridge University Library. Edited by J. R. Lumby, M.A. 2s.
43. Ratis Raveng, and other Moral and Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse. Edited from the Camb. Univ. MS. K.K. 15, by J. R. Lumby, M.A. 3s.

*The Publications for 1871 are :—*

44. *The Alliterative Romance of Joseph of Arimathie, or The Holy Grail: a fragment from the Vernon MS.; with Wynkyn de Worde's and Pynson's (A.D. 1526 and 1520) Lives of Joseph; edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 5s.*
45. *King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care, edited from 2 MSS., with an English translation, and the Latin original, by Henry Sweet, Esq., of Balliol College, Oxford. Part I. 10s.*
46. *Legends of the Holy Rood, Symbols of the Passion and Cross. Poems in Old English of the 11th, 14th, and 15th centuries. Edited from MSS. by Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. 10s.*
47. *Lyndesay's Works, Part V., containing his Minor Poems, edited by James A. H. Murray, Esq., with a critical Essay by Professor Nichol of Glasgow. 3s.*
48. *The Times' Whistle, and other Poems, by R. C., 1616; edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq. 6s.*

*The Publications for 1872 will probably be :—*

49. *An Old English Miscellany, containing a Bestiary, Kentish Sermons, Proverbs of Alfred, Religious Poems of the 13th century, edited from the MSS. by the Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. 10s.*
50. *King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care, edited from 2 MSS., with an English translation, by Henry Sweet, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford. Part II. 10s.*
51. *The Life of St Julian, 2 versions, with translations; edited from the MSS. by the Rev. T. O. Cockayne. [In the Press.]*
- The Gest Historiale of the Destruction of Troy, translated from Guido de Colonna. To be edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the Rev. G. A. Panton. Part II. [In the Press.]
- The Lay Folk's Mass-Book, edited from the MSS. by the Rev. T. F. Simmons, Canon of York. [In the Press.]
- Merlin, Part IV., containing Preface, Index, and Glossary. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq.

### EXTRA SERIES.

*The Publications for 1867 are :—*

- I. *William of Palerne; or, William and the Werwolf. Re-edited from the unique MS. in King's College, Cambridge, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 18s.*
- II. *Early English Pronunciation, with especial Reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S. Part I. 10s.*

*The Publications for 1868 are :—*

- III. *Caxton's Book of Curtesye, in Three Versions: 1, from the unique printed copy in the Cambridge University Library; 2, from the Oriel MS. 79; 3, from the Balliol MS. 354. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 5s.*
- IV. *Havelok the Dane. Re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., with the sanction and aid of the original editor, Sir Frederic Madden. 10s.*
- V. *Chaucer's Boethius. Edited from the two best MSS. by R. Morris, LL.D. 12s.*
- VI. *Chevelere Asaigne. Re-edited from the unique MS. by H. H. Gibbs, Esq. 3s.*

*The Publications for 1869 are :—*

- VII. *Early English Pronunciation, with especial Reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S. Part II. 10s.*
- VIII. *Queene Elizabethes Achademy, a Book of Precedence, &c. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., with Essays on early Italian and German Books of Courtesy, by W. M. Rossetti, Esq., and E. Oswald, Esq. 18s.*
- IX. *Awdelney's Fraternitye of Vacabondes, Harman's Caveat, &c. Edited by E. Viles, Esq., and F. J. Furnivall, Esq. 7s. 6d.*

*The Publications for 1870 are :—*

- X. *Andrew Boorde's Introduction of Knowledge, 1547, and Dytetary of Heilth, 1542; with Barnes in the Defence of the Berde, 1542-3. Edited, with a Life of BOORDE, and an account of his Works, by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 18s.*
- XI. *Barbour's Bruce, Part I. Edited from the MSS. and early printed editions, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 12s.*

*The Publications for 1871 are :—*

- XII. *England in Henry VIII.'s Time: a Dialogue between Cardinal Pole and Lupset, mainly on the Condition of England, written by Thomas Starkey, Chaplain to Henry VIII. Edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq., with an Introduction by the Rev. Prof. Brewer, Calendarer of the State Papers of Henry VIII. Part II. 12s. (Part I., *Starkey's Life and Letters*, is in preparation.)*
- XIII. *A Supplyacyon of the Beggers, by Simon Fish, 1528-9 A.D., edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.; with A Supplication to our Moste Soueraigne Lorde; A Supplication of the Poore Commons; and The Decaye of England by the Great Multitude of Sheep, edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq. 6s.*
- XIV. *Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part III. 10s.*

*The Publications for 1872 will be :—*

- XV. *Robert Crowley's Thirty-one Epigrams, Voynce of The Last Trumpet, Way to Wealth, &c., 1550-1 A.D., edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq. 12s.*
- XVI. *Chaucer's Treatise on the Astrolabe, 1391 A.D. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. [In the Press.]*
- XVII. *The Complaynt of Scotland, about 1548 A.D., edited by J. A. H. Murray, Esq. [In the Press.] (And probably Barbour's Bruce, Part II. Edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.)*

## The Chaucer Society.

*Editor in Chief:—F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., 3, St George's Square, Primrose Hill, N.W.  
Hon. Sec.:—A. G. SNELGROVE, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.*

To do honour to CHAUCER, and to let the lovers and students of him see how far the best unprinted Manuscripts of his works differ from the printed texts, this Society is founded. There are many questions of metre, pronunciation, orthography, and etymology yet to be settled, for which more prints of Manuscripts are wanted, and it is hardly too much to say that every line of Chaucer contains points that need reconsideration. The founder's proposal is to begin with *The Canterbury Tales*, and give of them (in parallel columns in Royal 4to) six of the best unprinted Manuscripts known. Inasmuch also as the parallel arrangement will necessitate the alteration of the places of certain tales in some of the MSS, a print of each MS will be issued separately, and will follow the order of its original. The first six MSS to be printed are

- The Ellesmere (by leave of the Earl of Ellesmere).
- The Lansdowne (Brit. Mus.).
- The Hengwrt (by leave of W. W. E. Wynne, Esq.).
- The Corpus, Oxford.
- The Cambridge Univ. Libr., MS Gg. 4. 27.
- The Petworth (by leave of Lord Leconfield).

Of Chaucer's Minor Poems,—the MSS of which are generally later than the best MSS of the Canterbury Tales,—all, or nearly all will be printed, so as to secure all the existing evidence for the true text.

To secure the fidelity and uniform treatment of the texts, Mr F. J. Furnivall will read all with their MSS.

The Society's publications are issued in two Series, of which the first contains the different texts of Chaucer's works, and the Second such originals of, and essays on these as can be procured, with other illustrative treatises, and Supplementary Tales.

The Society's issue for 1868, in the First Series, is,

I. The Prologue and Knight's Tale, of the Canterbury Tales, in 6 parallel Texts (from the 6 MSS named below), together with Tables, showing the Groups of the Tales, and their varying order in 38 MSS of the Tales, and in 5 old printed editions, and also Specimens from several MSS of the "Moveable Prologues" of the Canterbury Tales.—The Shipman's Prologue, and Franklin's Prologue,—when moved from their right places, and of the Substitutes for them.

II. The Prologue and Knight's Tale from the Ellesmere MS.

III.	"	"	"	"	"	Hengwrt	"	154
IV.	"	"	"	"	"	Cambridge	"	Gg. 4. 27
V.	"	"	"	"	"	Corpus	"	Oxford
VI.	"	"	"	"	"	Petworth	"	
VII.	"	"	"	"	"	Lansdowne	"	851

(separate issues of the Texts forming the 6-Text edition in No. I.)

The issue for 1869, in the First Series, is,

VIII. The Miller's, Reeve's, and Cook's Tales: Ellesmere MS.

IX.	"	"	"	"	"	Hengwrt	"	with an Appendix of "Gamelyn" from six MSS.
X.	"	"	"	"	"	Cambridge	"	
XI.	"	"	"	"	"	Corpus	"	
XII.	"	"	"	"	"	Petworth	"	
XIII.	"	"	"	"	"	Lansdowne	"	

(separate issues of the Texts forming the 6-Text, Part II, No. XIV.)

The issue for 1870, in the First Series, is,

XIV. The Miller's, Reeve's, and Cook's Tales, with an Appendix of the Spurious Tale of Gamelyn, in 6 parallel Texts.

The issue for 1871, in the First Series, is,

- XV. The Man of Law's, Shipman's, and Prioress's Tales, with Chaucer's own Tale of Sir Thopas, in 6 parallel Texts from the MSS above named, and 10 coloured drawings of Tellers of Tales, after the originals in the Ellesmere MS.
- XVI. The Man of Law's Tale, from the Ellesmere MS.
- XVII. " " " " " Cambridge MS.
- XVIII. " " " " " Corpus MS.
- XIX. The Shipman's, Prioress's, and Man of Law's Tales, from the Petworth MS.
- XX. The Man of Law's Tale, from the Lansdowne MS.  
(each with woodcuts of fourteen drawings of Tellers of Tales in the Ellesmere MS.)
- XXI. A Parallel-Text edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems, Part I:—'The Deth of Blaunce the Duchesse,' from Thynne's ed. of 1532, the Fairfax MS 16, and Tanner MS 346; 'the Compleynt to Pite,' 'the Parliament of Foules,' and 'the Compleynt of Mars,' each from six MSS.
- XXII. Supplementary Parallel-Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems, Part I, containing 'The Parliament of Foules,' from three MSS.
- XXIII. Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems, Part I, containing 1. two MS fragments of 'The Parliament of Foules'; 2. the two differing versions of 'The Prologue to the Legende of Good Women,' arranged so as to show their differences; 3. an Appendix of Poems attributed to Chaucer, i. 'The Balade of Pitee by Chauciers'; ii. 'The Cronycle made by Chaucer,' both from MSS written by Shirley, Chaucer's contemporary.
- XXIV. A One-Text Print of Chaucer's Minor Poems, being the best Text from the Parallel-Text Edition, Part I, containing, I. The Deth of Blaunce the Duchesse, II. The Compleynt to Pite, III. The Parliament of Foules, IV. The Compleynt of Mars, V. The ABC, with its original from DeGuileville's *Pelerinage de la Vie humaine* (edited from the best Paris MSS by M. Paul Meyer).

The issue for 1872, in the First Series, is,

- XXV. Chaucer's Tale of Melibe, the Monk's, Nun's Priest's, Doctor's, Pardoner's, Wife of Bath's, Friar's, and Summoner's Tales, in 6 parallel Texts from the MSS above named, and with the remaining 13 coloured drawings of Tellers of Tales, after the originals in the Ellesmere MS.
- XXVI. The Wife's, Friar's, and Summoner's Tales, from the Ellesmere MS, with 9 woodcuts of Tale-Tellers. (Part IV.)
- XXVII. The Wife's, Friar's, Summoner's, Monk's, and Nun's Priest's Tales, from the Hengwrt MS, with 23 woodcuts of the Tellers of the Tales. (Part III.)
- XXVIII. The Wife's, Friar's, and Summoner's Tales, from the Cambridge MS, with 9 woodcuts of Tale-Tellers. (Part IV.)

(The Six-Text Print of the Canterbury Tales will, it is hoped, be completed early in 1874.)

Of the Second Series, the issue for 1868 is,

1. Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part I. This work includes an amalgamation of Prof. F. J. Child's two excellent and exhaustive Papers on the use of the final e by Chaucer (in T. Wright's ed. of *The Canterbury Tales*) and by Gower (in Dr Pauli's ed. of the *Confessio Amantis*).
2. Essays on Chancer, his Words and Works, Part I.: 1. Prof. Ebert's Review of Sandras's *Etude sur Chaucer*, translated by J. W. van Rees Hoets, M.A.; 2. A 13th-century Latin Treatise on the *Chilindre* (of the *Shipman's Tale*), edited by Mr E. Brock.
3. A Temporary Preface to the Society's Six-Text edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Part I, attempting to show the right Order of the Tales, and the Days and Stages of the Pilgrimage, &c., &c., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

Of the Second Series the issue for 1869 is,

4. Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part II.
- Of the Second Series the issue for 1870 is,
5. Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part III.

Of the Second Series the issue for 1871 is,

6. Trial-Forewords to my Parallel-Text edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems for the

Chaucer Society (with a try to set Chaucer's Works in their right order of Time), by Fredk. J. Furnivall. Part I. (This Part brings out, for the first time, Chaucer's long early but hopeless love.)

Of the Second Series the issue for 1872 will be as many of the following as the Subscriptions will pay for:—

a. Supplementary Canterbury Tales: 1. The Tale of Beryn, with a Prologue of the merry Adventure of the Pardonner with a Tapster at Canterbury, re-edited from the Duke of Northumberland's unique MS, by Fredk. J. Furnivall. (The text is all printed.) [In the Press.]

b. The original of Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale of Constance, from the French Chronicle of Nicholas Trivet, Arundel MS 56, ab. 1340 A.D., collated with the later copy, ab. 1400, in the National Library at Stockholm; copied and edited, with a translation, by Mr Edmund Brock. Also, two French Poems resembling the Reeve's Tale, and two Latin Stories like the Friar's Tale. (The Texts are all printed.) [In the Press.]

c. Essays on Chaucer, his Words and Works, Part II.: 3. John of Hoveden's *Practica Chilindri*, edited from the MS, with a translation, by Mr E. Brock. 4. Chaucer's use of the final *e*, by Joseph Payne, Esq. (perhaps with an Appendix, containing Dr R. F. Weymouth's Paper on Anglo-Saxon and Early English Pronunciation). 5. Chaucer's Squire's Tale not borrowed from the French Romance of *Cleomades*; by Henry Nicol, Esq. [In the Press.]

d. Prof. Bernhard Ten Brink's "Chaucer: Studies on the History of his Development, and the Chronology of his Writings," Part I, translated by Miss Ottolie Blind, and revised by the author.

e. The Household book of Isabella, wife of Prince Lionel, son of Edward III, in which the name of GEOFFREY CHAUCER first occurs; edited from the unique MS in the British Museum, by Edward A. Bond, Esq., Keeper of the MSS.

f. A detailed Comparison of the *Troylus* and *Cryseyde* with Boccaccio's *Filistrato*, with a Translation of all Passages used by Chaucer, and an Abstract of the Parts not used, by W. Michael Rossetti, Esq., and with a print of the *Troylus* from the Harleian MS 3943.

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For 1873, Part V of the Six-Text edition, containing the Tales of the Clerk, Merchant, Squire, Franklin, Second Nun, Canon's Yeoman, and Manciple, will soon go to press, for the First Series. For the Second, 'A detailed Comparison of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* with the *Teseide* of Boccaccio,' by HENRY WARD, Esq., of the MS Department of the British Museum, is preparing.

The fourth and concluding Part of Mr A. J. Ellis's great work on *Early English Pronunciation* may be expected in 1874 or 1875.

The second French work will be either Guillaume de Machault's *Remède de Fortune* and *Dit de la Fontaine Amoureuse* (to compare with Chaucer's *Dete of Blaunché the Duchesse*), or Jean de Meun's *Livre de Melibée et de Prudence* (from Alberto of Brescia's *Liber Consolationis*, A.D. 1246), or Guillaume de Machault's *Dit du Lyon*, the possible original of Chaucer's lost *Book of the Leo*, edited from the MSS, for the first time, by Monsieur PAUL MEYER. The French *Melibée* will be accompanied (on opposite pages) by its Latin original, edited by Mr KARL SUNDBY of Copenhagen. This will be followed by such originals of Chaucer's other works as are known, but are not of easy access to subscribers.

Meassrs Trübner & Co., of 60, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., are the Society's publishers, Meassrs Childs its printers, and the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., its bankers. The yearly subscription is two guineas, due on every 1st January, beginning with Jan. 1, 1868. *More Members are wanted. All the Society's Publications can still be had.*

Prof. Child, of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the Society's Honorary Secretary for America. Members' names and subscriptions may be sent to the Publishers, or to the Honorary Secretary,

A. G. SNELGROVE, Esq.,  
London Hospital, London, E.

## The Ballad Society

was establisht, on the completion of the print of the Percy Folio MS, to reprint the known collections of Ballads, like the Roxburgh, Bagford, Rawlinson, Douce, &c., and to print Ballads from MSS, and books illustrating Ballad-History. The Ballad Society books are printed in demy 8vo, like those of the Early English Text Society, and the Percy Folio (but on toned paper for the sake of the Wood-cuts), and also in super-royal 8vo, on Whatman's eighty-shilling ribbed paper. The subscription for the demy 8vos is *One Guinea* a year; that for the royal ribbed papers *Three Guineas*. The subscriptions date from January 1, 1868. The Society's books are not on sale separately to the public. The Society's printers are Messrs TAYLOR and Co., 10, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

More Members and Local Secretaries are wanted.

Subscriptions should be paid either to the account of *The Ballad Society* at the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., or (by Post Office Order, payable at the Chief Office, E.C.) to—

ARTHUR G. SNELGROVE, Esq.,  
*London Hospital, London, E.*

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wensdaye mornynge, *Anno—1601.* (3.) The laste, Intituled “acclamatio patrie,”  
contayninge the horrib[le] treason that weare pretended agaynst your Maiestie,  
to be donne on the parliament howse The seconde [third] yeare of your Maiestis  
Raygne [1605]. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. 1868. (*The Introductions,*  
*by Professor W. R. Morfill, M.A., of Oriel Coll., Oxford, and the Index, will be*  
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Whearin part of the entertainment unto the Queenz Majesty at Killingworth  
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freend officer attendant in the Court, unto his freend, a Citizen and Merchaunt  
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**St. Julianæ.**



o  
þe *Liflade*  
of  
St. *Juliana*,

FROM  
TWO OLD ENGLISH MANUSCRIPTS OF 1230 A.D.

WITH  
Renderings into Modern English,  
BY THE  
REV. O. COCKAYNE, AND EDMUND BROCK.

EDITED BY THE  
REV. OSWALD COCKAYNE, M.A.,  
ST. JOHNS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;  
EDITOR OF LEECHDOMS STARCRAFT AND WORTCUNNING, ETC. ETC.

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**51.**

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## P R E F A C E.

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It had been my purpose, in editing þe following text, to take some vivacious notice of any criticisms on þe last treatise I had undertaken for þe Early English Text Society ; but so long a time has elapsed since “Hali Meidenhad” appeared, þat þe public interest in attack and defense, lunge and parry, must have long since died away. Whatever I say, þerefore, must be sobered down into temperance and calm ; must be simply þe result of þe toil of þe student and translator.

My critics made some easy and cheap fun out of þ and ð : none of þem seemed to have any distinct notions on þe subject. I have lately, elsewhere, stated facts ; þat þe earliest MSS. favour þe ð, and use it in combinations of all kinds, employing it, wiþ few exceptions, all ȝrough a volume, and seeming to forget þ almost entirely : later writings use þ more by far þan þe oþer form. Much learning arises in reviews out of moþer wit ; to supply þe void of known truð, a certain inborn ȝeory is developed ; and because Mr. Novice ȝinks þe Saxons ought to have made a difference, between þorn in ȝick, and þorn in þæt, he holds opinion þat þey did. Den some bold assertor tells us þat all deviations from his doctrine are corruptions of þe Norman scribes, as if Frenchmen had written for King Ælfred. Now I hold þat in our modern times it is very difficult to separate þe sounds, þe utterance in some instances is distinctly discernible, but in oþers þe two change places easily. It is to be concluded þat, using þe characters indifferently, þe English writers held þe sounds to be identical.

An Edinburgh reviewer, a known writer, finds what he considers a mistranslation on page 36 of “Hali Meidenhad.” “þe hound at þe hide” is, to his ears, not sense. When a householder kills a sheep or ox, þe hide is valuable eiþer for

use or sale; it stinks; it is þerefore þrown over þe palings, or over a pole outside þe house: a hungry dog, a lean dirty dog, ranging about, smells flesh, or guts, or blood, or hide, and coming, pulls at, and drags þe reserved skin: and þat does it no good; broomsticks and stones drive away þe ruffian. "But," says he, "Hude is a well-known word in Anglo-Saxon, signifying Hearth." Some trace of Hude as Heorð may be found at p. 223 of þe folio edition of þe "Laws and Institutes," but þe intervention of a friend and þe courtesy of þe reviewer himself have made me aware that it is þe Scottish usage which makes þe word "well known," and þat þis sense is recorded by Jamieson, as any may see.

Anoþer gentleman of dialectic fame writes about Steap: and þe greater part of his remarks may be summed up by observing þe Latin Altus, *high* or *deep*; similarly we might understand steep. He quotes Percy Folio, vol. i. p. 467:

Heere in this ground deepe  
is a water strong and steepe.

Such a river seems to me to run at a steep gradient, or a fall of one foot in four: and so to deserve þe epithet "strong." And I find I have noted two additional places out of "Salomon and Saturn," line 570, Se steapa gim, *þe bright gem*, and line 827, where þis word is applied to fire.

Neverþeless I will not conceal from þe reader, whose edification is þe main point, þat a new and unexpected signification has come before me: þe passage quoted in St. Marharete, p. 108, from Hom. I. 456, is a translation from þe Latin publisht in Acta Sanctorum, Aug. 25 (not 24), and Steape eagan represents Oculi grandes. And here I must leave þis word.

Under þe word Ranged in þe glossary of þe Cleveland Dialect some remark about Rondin is made.

On p. 4, St. Marharete, last line, Makelese, it is suggested, should be interpreted *Matchless*: and to þat I submit.

From want of subscribers enough to þe Early English Text Society, þis Juliana has taken so long to appear in type þat some

want of cohesion has crept into my association of ideas about it. þe text on þe left page has been edited by Mr. Brock, from whose views I have taken one or two suggestions. To þe word Mæumez I demur: it should come into type, I believe, as Maumets, but a Zed is on þe MS. þat Zed I read as TS, or otherwise, I hold þe MS. Z to be like Zeta, a double letter such as it is in Italian, and to be a contraction for TS, and not well exprest by a modern Zed. In þe Domesday Book occurs a Cozet explained by nobody: now if we take Zed as TS, Cotset is easy enough to understand, and a suitable interpretation may be assigned it, even when occurring in company wiþ Cotarii.

It gives me some pain to say, þat I believe þe story of St. Margaret is convicted of forgery by þe indulgences which in þe earliest MSS. conclude þe piece. One would not rudely tear a doll from a childs arms, denouncing it as a waxwork sham; but readers of Old English are probably rid of early sentiment, and prepared to look Truð in þe face. Þe name of Juliana has never been so popular in England as þat of St. Margaret: her story may be read in þe Acta Sanctorum, Feb. 16, and in þe Codex Exoniensis in alliterative verse, wanting some leaves. She is a fabulous personage.

Mr. Mortons opinion þat þe Ancren Riwle, and, by way of corollary, my suggestion þat "Hali Meidenhad" iþ þe early lives of St. Margaret, Juliana iþ Caðerine were written by bishop R. le Poor, grows more acceptable þe more I consider it. Some account of þe nunnery at Tarent is given in þe New Monasticon (Vol. V., 619):—"Though Ralf de Kahaines was the original founder, bishop Poor, who became bishop of Salisbury in 1217, was þe principal one, and has sometimes had þe foundation exclusively ascribed to him;" say the editors. Herbert le Poor, bp. of Sarum, died 6 Feb., 1217, and was succeeded by Richard le Poor, translated from Chichester; died 15 April, 1237. Who so likely to interest himself? What call could an ordinary priest have to recommend an unwelcome rule of hard self denial to noble ladies? What influence, if he

had intruded himself upon þeir consciences? Even in þese days, when very commonplace mediocre scholars often arrive at þe upper steps of þe prelatic stairs, a bishops name has weight wiþ fashionable ladies.

The auðor of þese little tracts exhibits a fair amount of learning: þe illustration about þe jacinct & þe carbuncle comes from þe dialogues of St. Gregorius; St. Cyrillus Hiersolymitanus (Catech. xii. p. 106), and St. Iohannes Chrysostomos (vol. i. p. 94 ult., p. 122, 31 ed. Savile), so far countenance þe doctrine þat sin led to commerce of man wiþ woman, as þat þey teach þat Adam knew not Eve, his wife, till after their expulsion from Paradise. Þis opinion was founded on þe circumstance þat þe text (Gen. iv. 1) follows þe account of þe expulsion: and doubtless, as still prevalent, was opposed in verse by Milton. It would sunder þe Creator of þe universe from þe Deity to be worshipped, if it had any real support in our Scriptures, but such considerations are even now sometimes excluded in ðeological tenets, and were of no avail in þe thirteen<sup>th</sup> century. Þe doctrine þat an eternal reward of a hundredfold is reserved to virginity, of sixtyfold to widowhood after one marriage, of thirtyfold to þe married, is compactly þus stated by Augustinus, as matter of discussion; “Sive virginalis vita in centeno fructus sit, in sexageno vidualis, in triceno autem coniugalis” (de S. Virginitate xlvi.).

We recognize, þerefore, in our writer for þe nuns of Tarent Kaines, a scholar competently instructed in þe history and writers of his profession; one who would be kindly heard, when he spoke, by þose whom he wished to persuade; and one whose eyes were turned to Tarent: and he will be bp. R. le Poor.

“From Lelands words þat *Tarent nunnry of late stode about Crayford bridge over Stoure ryvar, lower þan Blanford*, it is inferred þat þe demolition of þe buildings of þis house took place at an early period after þe Dissolution. All traces of its buildings have long disappeared.”

Its records are not in any public collection.

# JULIANA.

## JULIANA.

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Royal MS.      *Her cumseð þe uie of seinte iuliane, ant telleð of liffade  
17 A. xxvii.      þire.*  
[Leaf 56.]

**T**N ure lauerdes lune þe is feader of frumschaft. ant on  
his deorewurðe funes nome. ant o þes haligastes. þat  
glideð of ham baðen. alle lewede men. þat understanden  
ne mahan latines ledene. liðin. ⁊ lustnir ane meidenes  
liflade. þat is of latin iturnd into-englisch. þat te lif hali  
lefði. in heouene luuie us þe mare. ant of þis lihinde lif:  
\*[Leaf 56, back.] leade us wið hire ern\*dunge. þe is icoren of crift into þe  
eche of heouene.

---

[MODERNIZED.]

Here begins the life of St. Juliana, and tells of her life.

In the name of God, let all unlearned men listen to the life of a maiden. In the love of our Lord, who is father of creation, and in the name of his precious Son, and in (the name) of the Holy Ghost, that glides from them both, let all unlearned men who cannot understand the Latin language, hearken and listen to the life of a maiden, which is turned from Latin into English, that the life-holy lady in heaven may love us the more, and from this lying (deceptive) life lead us with the intercession of her who is chosen of Christ, into the eternal (life) of heaven.

## JULIANA.

---

I þe seaderes t i þe sumes t i þe hali godes Rome. Her Bodl. MS. 34.  
Beginnes þe liffade. ant te passiun of seinte Juliene. [Fol. 36b.]

T ure lauerdef luue þe feader is of frumscheft. ant  
iþe deore wurðmunt of his deorewurðe sune. T iþe  
heunge of þe hali gaſt. þe of ham ba glideð. an godd  
unagin euch godeſ ful. Alle leawede men. þe understanden  
ne mahan latineſ ledene. lideð t lusteð þe liffade of a  
meiden. \*þat is of latin iturnd : to englishe leode. wið \* [Fol. 37.]  
þon þat teof hali leafdi. in heouene luuie us þe mare. T  
þurh þis lihnide lif. leade us to þat eche. þurh hire eadi lihind; dis-  
erndunge. þat crift is fwiſe icweme. appointing.

---

[MODERNIZED.]

In þe name of þe Faſer, and of þe Son, and of þe Holy Ghost. Here beginnes þe life, and martyrdom of St. Juliana.

In þe love of our Lord, who is Faſer of all creation, Translated from the Latin.  
and in þe glory of his precious Son, and in þe extolling of þe Holy Ghost who proceeded from hem boð, one God, wiþout beginning, full of every good, all ye lewd men, who cannot understand the Latin language, hear ye and listen to þe life of a maiden which is turned from þe Latin into þe English language to þe end þat his holy lady in heaven may love us þe more, and þrough his loaned life, may lead us to þe eternal one, by her blessed merits, which are very acceptable to Christ.

**P**eof meiden. ant tis martir. wes iuliane inempnet. in nichomedes burh. ⁊ of heðene cun icumen. ant hire fleschliche feder wes african ihaten. of þe heðene mest þeo þat cristene weren: derfliche droh ham to deaðe. ah heo as þeo þat te heouenlich feder luuede. leafde al hire aldrene lahen. ⁊ bigon to luuien þene liuende lauerd þe luffum god. þat wifſeð ant weldeð al þat is on worlde: ⁊ al þat iwraht is. Þa wes biþon time as redegunge telleð. Maximian þe modi keifer ine rome heinde ant heriende heðene mawmez. wið unmeð muchel hird ⁊ unduhti duheðe. ⁊ fordemde alle þeo: þe on drihtin bielefden. þes Maximian luuede an heh mon of cunne ant eke riche of rente elewsius wes ihaten. ant weren as feolahes þurh muche freontschipe. þis meidenes feder ⁊ he. weren swiðe wel togederes: as he sumchere ifeh

The maiden was  
named Juliana.

Her father Afri-  
canus persecuted  
the Christians;  
yet she loved the  
living God.

Maximian the  
emperor had a  
friend named  
Eleusius.

This maiden and this martyr was named Juliana, in the city of Nicomedia, and (was) come of heathen kin, and her fleshy father was called Africanus, greatest of the heathen. Those that were Christians, he strongly drew them to death. But she, as one whom the heavenly father loved, left all her parents customs, and began to love the living Lord, the lovesome God, that directs and rules all that is in the world, and all that is wrought (created). Then was at that time, as the reading tells, the proud Maximian emperor in Rome, extolling and praising heathen idols, with an immensely great company and unworthy dignity; and he condemned all those who believed on the Lord. This Maximian loved a man high of kin and also rich in revenue. He was called Eleusius. And they were as companions through great friendship. This maidens father and he were very well together. As he on one occasion saw

**H**eof meiden ⁊ teof martyr þat ich of munne ; wef Ju-liene inempnet. i Nichomedese burh. Al of heaðene cun icumen ⁊ akennet. ⁊ hire fleshliche feader african hehte. þe heande ⁊ heafode mest men þe weren cristene. ⁊ droh ham þurh derue pinen to deaðe. Ah heo af þeo þat te hehe heouenliche lauerd hefde his luue ileuet, leafde hire ealdrene lahlen ⁊ bigon to liuien þen aa liuende god þe luffume lauerd. þat schupte alle schafteſ ⁊ wealdeſ ⁊ scheafteſ. wisseſ after þet his wil is. al þat ischeapen is.

**W**es iþon time af þe redunge telleſ. þe modi Maximien keifer irome. heriende. ⁊ heiende heaðene maumez. wið unimeað muchel hird. ⁊ wið heh duheðe. ⁊ fordemed alle þeo þe o drihtin bilefden. þef mihti maximien luuede an eleusium biuoren monie of his men. Akennet of heh cun. ⁊ swiðe riche of rente. ⁊ þunge mon of þeres. þes þunge mon eleusius. þat þus wef wel wið þe king. hefde inune feolahschipe to african. ⁊ wef iwunet ofte to cumen wið him \*to his in. ⁊ ifeon his dohter.

\*[Fol. 37b.]

þis maiden and þis martyr of whom I make mention was named Juliana, in þe town of Nicomedia, come entirely, and descended from a heaðen race, and her fleshly faþer was called Africanus, who vexed and insulted very much men þat were Christians, and drew þem through doleful pains to deaðe. But she, as one þat had lent her love to þe high heavenly faþer, left her parents customs, and began to love þe everliving God, þe lovesome Lord, who created all creation and ruleſ and directeſ according as his will is, all þat is created.

In þat time, as þe reading telleſ, þe moody Maximian Date. was emperour in Rome, glorifying and extolling heaðen mammals, wiþ an immensely great following, and wið high dignity, and condemned all þose who believed in þe Lord. þis mighty Maximianus loved one Eleusius before many of his men, born of a high race, and very rich in revenue, and a young man in years. þis young man Eleusius, who was þus well wiþ þe king, had close fellowship wiþ Africanus, and was accustomed often to come wið him to his dwelling and to see his daughter.

hire utnume feir. ant freoliche. he felde him iwundet.  
 þat wið uten lechnunge of hire libben he ne mahte.  
 Africian wifte wel þat he wes free bornen. ¶ þat him  
 walde bicumen a free bornen burde. ant ȝettede him  
 \*[Leaf 57.] his dohter. ¶ wes sone \*ihondfald al hire unwillies.  
 ah heo trufte on him þat ne trukeneð namon: þat  
 trufteð treowliche on him. ant euch deis dei eode  
 to chirche to leornen godes lare. ȝornliche to witen  
 hu ha mahte best witen hire unweommet. ¶ hire meið-  
 had wiðuten man of monne. Elewsius þe luuede hire  
 longe hit him ȝuhte. þat tis dede nere idon. þat  
 heo ibroht were þurh wedlac to bedde. ah as ha wende

Elewsius fell in her exceptionally fair and noble, he felt himself  
love with  
Juliana;

lived in her exceptionally fair and noble, he felt himself wounded, so that without healing of her he could not live. Africian knew well that he was gently born, and that a gently born bride would (well) become him; and

and her father granted her to him.

granted him his daughter; and (she) was soon hansomelled all against her will. But she trusted on him that fails no man who trusts truly in him; and at each days dawn (day),

But she was seeking how she might keep her virginity unspotted.

she went to church to learn Gods lore, earnestly to know how she might best keep herself unspotted, and her maidenhood without commerce of man. To Elewsius, who loved her, it seemed long, that this deed were not done, that she were brought through wedlock to bed. But as she thought

**A**s he hefde en chere bihalden swiðe ȝeorne hire ut-numne feire. ⁊ freoliche ȝuheðe; felde him iwundet in wið in his heorte wið þe flan þe of lune fleoð. fwa þat him þuhte þet ne mahte he nanef weif wið ute þe lechnunge of hire luue libben. Ant after lutle stounde wið ute long steuene. wef him seolf sonde to Africian hire feader. ⁊ bisohte him ȝeorne þat he hire ȝeue him. ⁊ he hire walde menſkin wið al þat he mahte. Af þe þing i þe world þat he meatst luuede. Africian wiste þat he wes swiðe freo iboren. Ant walde wel bicumen him a freo iboren burde. ⁊ ȝetede him his bone. Ha wes him sone ihondſald þah hit hire unwil were. Ah ha trusfe upon him þat ne truked na mon. ha trewliche him trusfe on. ⁊ eode to chirche euche daheðef dei. to leornin godeſ lare. biddinde ȝeorne wið reowfule reameſ. þat he wiffede hire o hwuche wife ha mahte witen hire meiðhað from moneſ man vnwemmet.

**E**lewſius þat luuede hire þuhte sw[i]ðe longe þat ha nerent to brudlac ⁊ to bed ibrohte. ah heo forte

As once he had very earnestly beholden her exqui-  
siteſtly fair and ladylike youð; he felt himself wounded.  
wifin his heart, wiþ þe arrow which flið from love,  
so þat it seemed to him, þat he could nowise, wiðout  
þe medicine of her love, live. And after a little time  
wiðout a long tale, he was himself his messenger to  
Africanus her faſer, and besought him earnestly, þat he  
would give her to him, and he would grace her wiþ all  
þat he was able, as þe þing in þe world, þat he most  
loved. Africanus knew þat he was very gently born,  
and þat a gentleborn bride would well suit him, and  
he granted his request. She was soon hanselled to him,  
þough it were against her consent. But she trusted upon  
him þat deceives no man: she truly trusted in him and  
went to church at every days dawn, to learn Gods lore,  
praying earnestly wiþ rueful cries, that he would direct  
her in what way she might preserve her maidenhood  
from mans commerce, unstained.

To Eleusius, þat loved her, it seemed very long, that  
she were not to bridal and to bed brought, but she to

Juliana loved by  
Eleusius.

Given to him by  
her father.

'hire summes weis to witene. fende him to seggen. þat nalde ha  
lihten swa lahe ne nehlechen him for nan liuiende mon. er  
þen he were under Maximian heheft in rome þat is heh reue.  
Sone so he iherde þis. he biȝet et te keiser þat he ȝettede

<sup>1</sup> Altered from him<sup>1</sup> reue to beonne as þat he iȝirnd hefde. ant he as me hem.

þa luuede. lette leaden him into ture. Ȣ te riche ridein in.  
Ȣ tuhen him ȝont te tun: from strete to strete. ant al þe  
tur wes bitild. þat he wes in. wiȝ purpre wiȝ pal. Ȣ wiȝ

<sup>2</sup> MS. ciclatur. ciclatun.<sup>2</sup> Ȣ deorewurðe clæðes. as þe þat heh þing hefde to  
heden. ant þa he hefde þis idon: he fende hire to seggen.  
þat he hefde hire wil iwraht. Ȣ heo schulde his wurchen.

\*[Leaf 57, back.] **T**uliane þe edie ihesu cristes leouemon of his blifule  
luue balde hire seoluen. fende him to onswere. \*bi  
an of hire sonden. Elewsius wite þu hit wel ireadi.  
wraðði so þu wraðði. no lengre nulich hit heolen

Juliana sent him to guard herself in some way, she sent to him to say that word that she she would not descend so low, nor approach him for any would not approach him till living man before he were, under Maximian, highest in he were High Rome, that is, High Reeve. As soon as he heard this, Reeve. He pro- he procured from the emperor that he should grant him cured this dignity from the em- to be reeve, as that which he had desired; and he, as man peror; loved (to have it) then, caused him to be led into a tower; and ride into his province; and they drew him about the town, from street to street. And all the tower that he was in was awned with purple, with pall, and with ciclatura and precious cloths, as he that high things had to heed. And when he had done this, he sent to her to say that he had wrought her will, and she ought to work his.

and then told her he bad wrought her will. Juliana the blessed, Jesus Christ's beloved, with his boldly replied that blissful love, made herself bold, sent to him as answer, by one of her messengers, "Eleusius, know thou it well ready, be as wroth as thou mayst, no longer will I conceal it

werien hire wið him summe hwile : \*fende him to seggen.  
 þat nalde ha nawt lihten se lahe to luuien. Ne nalde ha  
 neolechin him for na liuiende mon. ear þen he were under  
 Maximien. heheft i Rome. þat if heh reue. He aſe  
 timliche aſ he hefde iherd þis. biȝet ed te Keifer þet he  
 þette him al þat he walde. t lette aſ me luuede þa leaden  
 him i cure up o fowr hweoles. t teon him ȝeon te tun  
 þron from strete to strete. Al þe cure ouertild þat he wef  
 itohen on : wið purpref t pelleſ. wið ciclatuns t cendalſ  
 t deorewurðe clæſef. As þe þat fe heh þing hefde to  
 heden. ant fe riche reffſchipe to rihten t to readen. þa  
 he hefde þuf idon. fende hire þus to seggen hire wil  
 he hefde iwrāht. Nu hif ha ſchulde wurchen. Juliene  
 þe eadie ihesu crifteſ leofmon of his bliſſule luue balde  
 hire ſeoluen, t fende him al openliche bi fonde to  
 seggen. þis word ha ſend te for nawt þu haueſt if-  
 wechte. wreade ſe þu wreade. Do þat tu do wult nule  
 ich ne ne mei ich lengre heolen hit te ȝef þu wult

\*[Fol. 38.]

defend herself against him for some while, sent to him to say, that she would not condescend to love so low, nor would she come near him for any living man, till he should be under Maximianus, þe highest in Rome, þat is She requires in him high official rank. þe High Reeve. He, as soon as he had heard þis, procured from þe emperor þat he should grant him all þat he would, and so ordered þat, as man would have it þen, he was led about in a chariot upon four wheels, and drawn þrough þe town from street to street. All þe chariot was over awned, in which he was drawn, wið purple and palls, wið ciclatoun and sindon and precious cloðs, as one þat had so high þings to take heed for, and so mighty an office to direct and to advise in. When he had done þus, he sent to her to tell her he had wrought her will, and now she should work his. Juliana þe blessed, Jesus Christs leman, out of his blissful love, made herself bold, and sent to him all openly by a messenger to say; þis word she sends þee; for nouȝt hast þou toiled, be as wreade as þou may, do as þou do wilt; I will not, nor can any longer conceal it from þee: if þou wilt

þe. þef þu wult leauen þe lahen þat tu lift in. ant leuen  
 in godd feder. T in his deorewurðe fune. T iþe hali gaſt.  
 ichulle wel neomen þe. þef þu nult no: þu art wundi of me.  
 T oðer luue ſech þe. Pa þe reue iherde þis: he wreðeſede  
 him ſwiðe. T hire feder cleopede. ant feng on to tellen  
 him. hu his dohter droh him from deie to deie. ant efter  
 þat he wende to habben his iwil fo ha him þis word  
 fulliche ſende. Bi þat ilke godd quoð hire feder þat me  
 is lað to gremien beo hit foð þat tu feift to wraðer heale  
 feide ha hit. ant nu ichulle o great grome al biteachen hire  
 þe. to wurchen þi wil. T al þat te wel likeð as mit tin  
 ahne. T me cleopede hire forð biuoren hire feder. T he  
 feng feire to fondin his dohter Mi deorewurðe dohter hwer  
 fore uorsakeſtu þi fy. ant ti felhðe. þe weolen ant te  
 wunnen þat walden awakenin ant waxen of þi wedlac. þat

if he would be from thee ; if thou wilt leave the customs that thou come a Christian lieſt in, and believe in God the Father, and in his precious he ſhould have Son, and in the Holy Ghost, I will indeed take thee; if otherwiſe.

Then the reeve love." When the reeve heard this, he became very wroth, complained to her father, who and called her father, and began to tell him how his swore that if it daughter drew him on from day to day, and after he were true, he would hand her over to Eleusius thought to have his will, she strangely sent him this to do as he word. "By that same God," quoth her father, "whom pleased with her.

I am loth to anger, be it true that thou sayest, to (her) sorrow she said it, and now I will in great anger altogether give her up to thee to work thy will and all that pleased thee, as with thine own." And she was called

Her father strives forth before her father; and he began fairly to try his by fair words to turn her from daughter : "My precious daughter, wherfore forsakes her purpose; thou thy victory and thy happiness, the wealth and the joys that would arise and grow out of thy wedlock, which

leauen. þe lahen þet tu liuest in ant leuen i godd feader. ¶ in his deorwurðe sune. ¶ i þe hali gaſt folkene froure. an godd \*þat if igret wið euchef cunnes gode: Ich chule wel neome þe. ¶ ȝef þat tu nult no: þu art windi of me: ¶ oðer luue fech þe. ¶ þa þe hehe reue iherde þis ondsware: bigon to wreðen swiðe: ¶ cleopede hire feder forð. ¶ feng on to tellen. hwuch word ha fende him. Efter þat he wende forte habben idon al þat he wilnede. Africian hire feader wundrede him swiðe. ¶ bigon to swerien. bi þe ilke godeſ þat me if lað to gremien. beo hit soð þat tu seiſt: to wraðer heale. ha fehð hit. ant ich wulle o great grome al biteachen hire þe: ¶ tu do hire. al þat tu wult. He þonkede him. ¶ heo weſ icloepet forð. ¶ Africian hire feader feng on earſt feire on; to lokin ȝef he mahte wið eani luue speden. Juliene quoð he mi deorewurðe dohter. sei me hwi þu forſakeſt. ji sy ¶ ti felhðe: þe weolen ¶ te wunnen. þe walden awakenen. ¶ waxen of þe wedlac þat ich reade þe to: hit niſ nan

\*[Fol. 36b.]

leave þe customs þat þou livest in and believe in God þe Faſer, and in his precious Son, and in þe Holy Ghost, the Comforter of the world; One God þat is magnified wið good of every kind, I will readily take þee, and if þou wilt not do þat, þou art quit of me, and seek þee another love. When þe high reeve heard his answer, he began to be very wrað, and called her faſer forð, and began to tell him what a word she had sent him, after he supposed he had done all þat she demanded. Africianus her faſer wondered at it much, and began to swear, "By þe same gods, whom it is grief to me to anger, be it true as þou sayest, to her sorrow she saið it, and I will in great anger altogether hand her over to þee, and do þou to her all þat þou wilt." He ſanked him, and she was called forð, and Africianus her faſer began first to look fairly on her, to see if he might wiþ her father to wed Eleusius. She is urged by

ich þe to reade. for he if inoh lauerd elewsius ine rome. ¶ tu maht beon leafdi dohter þef þu wel wult. Iuliane þe eadie onfwerede him ¶ feide af þeo þat \*ine godd hire hope hefde. þef he wule leuen an god al mihti. þenne mei he speoken þprof ¶ inohraðe speden. ant þef þat he nule nawt. ne schal wiuen on me. wiue þer his wil is. þa hire feder iherde þis: þa feng he to swerien. Bi mi kine-wurðe lauerd apollo. ant bi mi deore leafdi diane. þat ich muche luuie. þef þu haldest heron. ichulle leoten deor to

<sup>1</sup> A hole in the teoren ant to luken þe. ¶ zeouen þi flesch: [to]<sup>1</sup> fuheles of MS.

þe lufte. Iuliane him onfwerede ¶ softeliche seide. ne wen þu nawiht leoue feder. þat tu affeare me fwa. for ihesu crift godes fune þat ich on leue ¶ luuie as lauerd lufsumest on liue. þah ich beo forbernd. ¶ to loken limel. nulich heronont buhen þe nawiht þa feng eft hire [fe-der] on wið olhnunge to fondin þef he mahte eisweis wenden hire heorte. ¶ seide hire luffumliche. þat

but she declares that if he will not believe in God Almighty, he shall not marry her.

Her father then swears that he will let wild beasts tear her.

But she says "Think not, dear father, that thou mayest terrify me so, for though she were torn limb from limb, she will never give way." I love as lord, lovesomest in life, though I be burnt up, and plucked asunder limbmeal, I will not, as regards this, bow to thee." Then began her father again with flattery to try if he might in anyway turn her heart, and told her lovesomely that

eðelich þing. þe reffschipe of rome. ant tu maht ȝef þu wult.  
 beon burhene leafdi. Ȣ of alle þe londes þe þerto liggeð.  
 Juliene þe eadie ontfswerede him Ȣ seide. [af þeo þat ine<sup>1</sup> From MS. R.  
 godd hire hope hefde.] ȝef he wule luuien. Ȣ leuen godd. al  
 mihti; þenne mei he [speoken] þrof. Ȣ speden inoh reaðe.  
 for ȝef he þat nule no; ich segge þe þat soð is. ne schal he  
 wiuen on me. Sei nu hwet ti wil is. african wreðeðe Ȣ  
 \*swor swiðe deopliche. for þe drihtfule godd apollo mi  
 lauerd. Ȣ mi deore leafdi þe deorewurðe diane þat ich  
 muche luuie. ȝef þu haldest her on; ich schal leote wilde  
 deor to luken Ȣ to teore þe Ȣ ȝeoue þi flesch fode to fuhelef  
 of þe lufte. Juliene him ondswerede. Ȣ softeliche seide. Ne  
 lef þu nawt leoue feader þat tu offeare me swa; ich swerie  
 æein. þe ihæsu crift godes fune. þat ich on leue. Ȣ luuie  
 af leoflukest. Ȣ luffumest lauerd. þat ich cwic beo for  
 bearnd baðe lim Ȣ lið ileitinde leie. Nulle ich þe her  
 onont ȝreaté fe þu ȝreaten buhe ne beiien.

\*[fol. 39.]

[A]frican feng eft on. Ȣ to fondin ongon ȝef he mahte eft MS.  
 eanis weis olhnunge wenden hire heorte: Ȣ leof-

contemptible þing þis prefecture of Rome, and þou  
 mayest, if þou wilt, be lady of þe town, and of all þe  
 lands þat belong þereto." Juliiana, þe blessed, answered  
 him and said, "If he will love and believe in God  
 Almighty, þen may he speak of it; and speed quickly  
 enough: for if he will not, he shall not swive on me.  
 Say now what þy will is." Africanus was wrað and  
 swore very deeply. "Before the lordly god Apollo, my  
 master, and my dear lady, þe precious Diana, whom I  
 much love, if þou holdest to þis, I shall make wild beasts  
 lacerate and tear þee, and give þy flesh as food to fowls of  
 þe air." Juliiana answered him and softly said, "Believe  
 not, dear faber, þat þou canst terrify me so; I swear on  
 þe oþer hand; by Jesu Christ, Son of God, on whom I  
 believe, and whom I love as loveliest and lovesomest  
 lord, þough I be quite burnt up, boð limb and joint in  
 gleaming flame; I will not, as regards þis, bend nor bow  
 to þe, ȝreaten as þou mayest.

Africanus tried again, and began to attempt, if he were  
 able, anywise, by flattery to turn her heart, and kindly

ne schulde ha nane wunne lihtliche wilnin: þat he ne schulde  
welden. wið þat ha walde hire þone wenden Nai quoð þat  
meiden schuldich don me to him þat is alle deoulen bitaht.  
¶ to eche deð idemet. to furwurðen wið him world abuten  
ende. for his wedlakese weole oðer for eni wunne. for soð  
ich hit segge unwurð if hit me. ichulle þat he hit wite wel.  
\*[Leaf 58, back.] ant tu \*eke mid him þat ich am iweddet to an þat ichulle  
treowliche to halden ant wið uten lef luuien. þe is unlich  
him. ¶ alle worldlich men. ne nullich him nowðer leauen.  
ne lihen for weole ne for wunne. for wa. ne for wunne  
þet ye mahan don me. ja feng hire feder te wreððen  
swiðe ferlich ¶ swiðe hokerliche freinede. Me hwet if  
he þes were þat tu art to iweddet. þat tu hauest wið uten

<sup>1</sup> A hole in the me þine luue ilene[t]<sup>1</sup> for hwam þu letest lutel of þat tu  
MS. schuldest luuien. ne ich neuer þat ich wite nef wið him  
icnawen. For gode quoð þet meiden þin harm if þe

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she should not easily desire any joy that she should not possess, provided she would alter her mind. "Nay," quoth the maiden, "should I join myself to him who is given up to all devils, and doomed to eternal death, to perish with him world without end, for the weal of his wedlock or for any joy? Forsooth, I say it, unworthy it is of me. I will that he should know

Juliana declares  
she is wedded to  
one whom she  
will truly love.

it well, and thou also with him, that I am wedded to one to whom I will truly hold, and without falsehood love, who is unlike him and all worldly men. Nor will I either leave or deny him for wealth or for pleasure, for woe nor for joy that ye can do me." Then began her

Her father mock-  
ingly inquires  
who this husband  
is.

father to get wroth very strongly, and very mockingly inquired, "But what is this husband to whom thou art wedded, to whom thou hast without me committed thy love, for whom thou carest little for what thou shouldest love? Nor was I ever, that I know, acquainted with him." "Before God," quoth the maiden, "thy harm is the

tede luueliche. ⁊ feide hire fikerliche. þat ne schulde ha lihtliche wilni na wunne; þat ha ne schulde wealden. wið þerean þat ha walde hire wil wenden. Nai quoð ha þat nis nawt. schulde. ich do me to him. þat alle deoflen iſ bitaht. ⁊ to eche deað fordemet. to forwurðe wið him worlt buten ende iþe putte of helle: for his wedlackei weole oðer for ei wunne. To soðe ich hit segge þe. Vnwurð hit if me. Ich chulle þat he wite hit ful wel. ⁊ tu eke mid al; ich am to an iweddet þat ich chulle treowliche wiðute leaf luuien. þat if unlich him ⁊ alle worltliche men. ne nulle ich neauer mare him lihen ne lea\*uen. for weole ne for wunne. for wa ne for wontreaðe þat þe me mahan wurchen.

•[Fol. 39b.]

**H**ire feader feng on to wreathin swiðe ferliche ⁊ easkeðe hire hokerliche. Ant hwet if he þef were þat tu art to iweddet. þat tu hauest wið ute me se forð þi luue ileuet. þat tu letest lutel. of al þat tu schuld-est luuien. Ne ich nef neauer þat ich wite ȝet. wið him icnawen. for gode quoð þe meiden þin hearm if þe

said to her, “þat surely she should not easily desire any pleasure, þat she should not obtain, provided þat þereby she would alter her resolution.” “Nay,” quoð she, “þat is naught. Should I join myself to him, who is given up to all þe devils and doomed to deað eternal to perish wið þem world wiðout end in þe pit of hell, for þe wealð of his wedlock, or for any joy? For sooð, I say to þe; unworðy it is of me. I will þat he know it full well, and þou also berewið; I am espoused to one, whom I will truly wiðout falsehood love, one who is unlike him and all worldly men, nor will I ever more him deny nor desert for wealð or for joy, for woe nor for misery þat ye may do me.”

Her faðer took to getting wroð very strongly, and asked her tauntingly : “And what is þis husband to whom þou art wedded, to whom þou hast wiðout me so far þy love committed, þat þou carest little for all þou shouldst love. No, I was never, þat I know as yet wið him acquainted.” “Before God,” quoð þe maiden, “þy injury is þe

Juliana refuses  
to wed a heathen,

and declares that  
she is espoused

mare nawt forþi þet tu nauest ofte iherd of him ȝare. þat if  
iesu godes fune. þe forto lesen moncun þat forloren schulden  
beon: lette his deorwurðe lif on rode. ne ich ne seh him  
neuer þat me fare forþuncheð. ah ichim luuie ant leue  
as on lauerde. ne schal me firsin him from: nowðer deouel  
ne mon. For mi lif quoð hire feder þe schal laðin his  
luue for þu schalt beon ibeatent. mid besmes fwa bittre þat

<sup>1</sup> MS. wraðel. tu wummon were schal to wraðer<sup>1</sup> heale iwurðen. Swa  
muche quoð ha ich iwurðe him þe leouere: So ich derure  
þing for his luue drehe. þat ti wil if: wurch nu. 't he het  
hatterliche strupen hire steortnaket. 't beten hire fwa  
luðere þat hire leoffiche lich: liðeri al oblude. 't fwa ha  
duden so luðere þat te blod ȝet adun of þe ȝerden. 't heo  
bigon to ȝien. Beaten so ȝe beaten ȝe beliales bu\*delef.  
ne mahe ȝe nowðer mi luue ne min bilaue lutlen toward  
him mi luffsum leof mi leowinde lauerd ne nullich leauen

•[Leaf 59.]  
Her father then  
threatens her  
again, but all in  
vain.

greater; not because thou hast not often heard of him long ago, that is, Jesus Christ, Son of God, who, to liberate mankind, that must have been lost, gave up his precious life on the cross. I have never seen him, which grieves me sore; but I love him and believe on him as Lord; nor shall any remove me from him, neither devil nor man."

"By my life," quoth her father, "thou shalt loathe his love, for thou shalt be beaten with birches so bitterly that it shall turn to sorrow (to thee) that thou woman wert."

"So much," quoth she, "shall I become the dearer to him, as I suffer more pain for his sake. What thy will is, work now." And he bade savagely to strip her stark naked, and beat her so villainously that her lovely body

She is stript  
stark naked, and  
brutally beaten  
with rods.

should lather all in blood. And so they did, so villainously that the blood gushed down from the rods. And she began to cry out, "Beat as ye will, ye ministers of Belial, ye can lessen neither my love nor my faith towards him, my lovesome dear one, my living Lord; nor will I believe

mare. Nawt for þi þat tu nauest iherd of him þare. Þat if ihesu godeſ fune. þat forte aleſen monoun þat ſchulde beon forloren al; lettē lif o rode. Ich ne feh him neauer t̄ þat me of þuncheð. Ah ich him luuie t̄ wulle don. t̄ leue on af o lauerd. Ne ſchal me firſen him from. Nowðer deouel ne mon. for mi lif quoð hire feader þe ſchal laðin hiſ luue. for þu ſchalt habbe þrof hearm t̄ ſcheome baðe t̄ nu þu ſchalt on alre earſt. af on ernesſe fwa beon ibeaten wið bittere besmen. þat tu were wummon of wummone See oþer Text. bosum to wraðerheale eauer iboren iþe worlde.

Swa muſe quoð þat meiden ich beo him þe leouere. fe ich derfre þing for hiſ luue drehe. [wurc] þu þat ti wil if. þe quoð he bliðeliche. ant swiðe heatterliche. ſtrupen hire ſteort naket. t̄ leggeð ſe luðer\*liche on hire leoſiche lich: [þat] hit liðeri o blode. Me nom hire t̄ dude fwa þat hit þeat adun of þe ȝerden. ant heo bigon to ȝeien. Beaten ſe þe beaten ȝe beliales budeles. ne mahe þe nowðer mi luue ne mi bilaue lutlin toward te liuiende godd mi leoſume leoſmon. þe luuewurðe lauerd. ne

greater. Not, for all þat, þat þou hast not heard of him long since: þat is Jesu, Son of God, who to redeem mankind, which must oþerwise have all been lost, gave up life on þe cross. I have never seen him and þat displeases me; but I love him and will so do; and believe on him as on þe lord. Nor shall any remove me from him, neiþer devil nor man." "By my life," quoð her faþer, "þou shalt loaþe his love, for þou shalt have of it harm and shame boð, and now þou shalt first of all, by way of earnest, be so beaten wið bitter birches þat þou [shalt lament] þou wert ever born into þe world, woman of womans bosom.

"So much," quoð þe maiden, "I shall be to him þe dearer, as for his love I suffer more pain; do þy will on me." "Yea," quoð he gaily and very savagely, "Strip her stark naked, and lay on so hard on her lovely body þat it laðer in blood." She was taken and so treated þat þe blood ran down off þe rods, and she began to cry out, "Beat ye as ye will, ye ministers of Belial, ye can diminish neiþer my love nor my belief toward þe loving God, my lovely leman, þe loveworþy Lord; nor

<sup>1</sup> A word is  
erased in the  
Bodl. MS.  
[Fol. 41 wrongly  
numbered, or  
Fol. 40 is  
wanting.]  
t̄ MS.

to Jesus, the Son  
of God.

Juliana is beaten  
with rods.

ower read þat forreadeð ow feoluen. ne ower mix maw-

<sup>1</sup> So in MS. mex<sup>1</sup> þat beoð þef feondes fetlef heien ne herien. for teone ne for tintreow þat þe maben timbrin. Na quoð he

<sup>2</sup> falch MS. if hit swa hit schal<sup>2</sup> sutelin sone. for ichulle biteachen mislich þi bodi to elewsum þe riche reue irome ant he schal forswelten ant forreden þe efter ef wille wið alleſ cunnes pinen. þe quoð þisf meiden þat mei crist welden. for ne mahe þe nawt don me bute hwet he wule þeauien ow to muchelin mi mede t̄ te murðe þat lið to meiðhadef menske for euer so þe mare merrið me her: so mi crune bið brihtre t̄ fehere. for ichulle bliðeliche drehen euer-euch derf for mi deore lauerdes luue. ant foſte me bið euch derf hwen ich him serui þah þu me to elewsum willes biteache: ne þeue ich for inc nowðer. þat þe me mahan harmen. for so þe mare me her harmeð. so mare þe me helpeð feoueuald to heouene. t̄ þef þe me doð to deaðe

in your counsel, which betrays yourselves, nor extol and praise your dung idols, which are receptacles of the fiend,

Her father threatens to give her up to Eleusius; but she sets his threats at naught,

for harm nor for torture that ye can contrive." "No," quoth he, "is it so? It shall soon appear, for I will deliver thy body to Eleusius, the rich reeve in Rome; and he shall (cause thee to) perish, and bewray thee after his will with torments of every kind." "Yea," quoth this maiden, "that may Christ rule; for ye can do naught to me but what he will permit you, to enlarge my reward, and the joy that belongs to maidenhoods honour; for ever

the more ye mar me here, the brighter and fairer shall saying, she will gladly suffer every hardship for her dear Lords love. be my crown. For I will blithely endure every hardship for my dear Lords love, and soft shall be to me each hardship, since I serve him, though thou willingly deliver me to Eleusius. Neither care I for you both—that ye can harm me; for the more ye harm me here, the more sevenfold ye help me to heaven. And if ye do me to death,

nulle ich leuen ower read þe forreadeð ow seolf. ne þe mix maumez þe beoð þef feondes fetlef; heien ne herien. for teone ne for tintreوه þat þe me mahe timbrin. Na nult tu quoð african. hit schal sone futelin. for ich chulle sende þe nu ṫ biteache þi bodi to eleufium þe riche þat reue if ouer rome. ant he schal þe forreaden. ṫ makie to forswelten. af his ahne wil if þurh al þet eauer far is.

þe quoð þis meiden þat mei godd welden. ne mahe þe nawt do me bute þet he wule þeauien ṫ þolien ow to donne to mucli mi mede ṫ te murhðe þat lið to meið-hadef menske. for eauer se þe nu her mearreð me mare: se mi crune schal beon brihttre ba ṫ fehere. for þi ich chulle bliðeliche ṫ wið bliðe heorte drehen eauer euch derf. for mi leofmonef luue þe luffsume lauerd ṫ softe me bið euch far in his seruise. þu wult þu feist aȝeoue me to eleufium þe luðere. a ȝef \*me for nawiht ne ȝeoue ich for inc nowðer. þet þe mahan ane pine me here. Ah hit ne hearmeð me nawt ah helpeð ṫ heueð up ṫ makeð

\*[Fol. 41b.]

will I believe in your counsel, which betrays yourselves, nor extol nor glorify your dunghill mammets, which are homes of þe fiend, for harm nor for torture, þat ye can contrive." "No, wilt thou not," quoð Africianus, "it shall soon appear; for I will send þe now and grant þy body to Eleusius, þe powerful, þat is prefect over Rome, and he shall bewray þee and make þee to perish, þrough all þat is painful, according as his will is."

"Yea," quoð þis maiden, "þat God can rule; nor are ye able to do aught to me, except he will to permit and endure þat you should so do to enlarge my reward, and þe joy þat belonged to þe grace of maidenhood: for in whatsoever measure ye mar me þe more in þat same shall my crown be boð brighter and fairer. Perefore I shall bliðely and wiþ gay heart sustain every hurt for my lemanns love, þe lovely Lord, and soft to me is every sore in His service. You wilt, you saist, give me to Eleusius þe odious; Give me to him, for naught care I for eiþer of you, þat ye are able only to pain me here: but it harmeð me not, but raiseð me up and makeð

She defies her torturers.

hit bið me deorewurðe ant ich schal þer þurh bliðe bicumen into endelesse blissen ant ye schulen wrecches áwei ower wurðes þat ye iboren weren sinken to wraþer heale ow to ye bale bitter deope into helle. Hire feder africanus þurh þis bittre teone bitahte hire to elewfium ye luðere

\*[Leaf 59, back.] \*reue. ant he lette bringen hire biuoren him to his heh feotel as he set in dome as reue of ye burhe as he biheold ant iseh hire leofliche leor lilies iliche t rudi as ye rose t hire leofliche schape : He sikede as þing þat fare were iwundet his mod feng to heaten ant his meari to melten ant wiðinnen bernde of ye heate of hire luue swa þat him þuhte þat he ne bede na mare blisse in þisse liue bute hire bodi ane to wurchen his wille ant feng on toward hire sweteliche to seggen. Mi lif ant mi leouemon. mi lefdi þef þu wel wult biþench þat in rome richeſt am

it shall be precious to me, and I shall thereby blithely enter into endless bliss, and ye wretches shall—alas ! your fates that ye were (ever) born—sink to your misery, to the bitter bale, deep into hell.” Her father, Africanus,

Juliana is given through this bitter vexation, handed her over to Eleusius, and brought before his judgment seat. As he looks upon her, his passions are roused, before him to his high seat, as he sat in judgment, as reeve of the city. When he beheld and saw her lovely complexion, like a lily and ruddy as the rose, and her lovely shape, he sighed as a thing that was sorely wounded. His mind began to heat and his marrow to melt ; and he burned within with the heat of her love, so that it seemed to him that he could ask no greater bliss in this life, except her body only, to work his will. And he and he tries to move her by fair words. began toward her, sweetly to say, “ My life and my leman, my lady, if thou wilt, consider that I am richest in Rome,

mine murhðes monifalde in heouene. ant þef þe doð me  
to deað. hit bið deore to godd. T ich schal bliðe bicumen  
to endelesse blissen. ant þe schulen wrecches wei ower  
wurðes. þat þe weren i þe worlt iboren T i broht forð  
se wraðer heale þe schule finken adun to far T to eche  
forhe. to bitterneſſe ant to bale deope into helle.

[A]frican hire feader bitterliche iteonet bitahtte hire  
eleusium þe luðere reue of rome T lette bringen hire  
biuoren his chfihðe. as he set T demde. þe hehe burh domeſ.  
As he bieh T biheold hire luffume leor lilief ilicneſſe T rudi  
afe rose. T under hire nebscheft al fe freoliche ifchapet;  
weorp a ſic af a wiht þat fare were iwundet. Hif heorte  
feng to heaten T hif meari mealten þe rawen rahten of  
luue þurh euc lið. of hif limeſ. T inwið bearnde of  
brune fwa T cwakede af of calde. þet him þuhte in heſ  
þonc. þet ne bede he iþe worlt naues cunnes bliſſe.  
bute hire bodi ane. to wealden hire wið wil efter þat  
he walde. T bigon wið fwotneſſe foſſte to ſeggen.

[M]i lif T mi leofmon. T leafdi þef þu wel wult aſe

my joys manifold in heaven, and if ye do me to deað, þat  
my deað is preeious before God, and I shall in joy reach  
endless bliss; and ye shall, ye wretches, weep your  
fates þat ye should be born into þe world and brought  
forð to misery; ye shall sink down to woe and to eternal  
sorrow, to bitterness and to bale deep into hell."

Africanus her faſer, bitterly vexed, gave her up to Eleusius, þe vile prefect of Rome, and had her brought before his presence, as he sat and gave judgments in þe high city court. When he viewed and beheld her lovely complexion, in likeness of a lily and ruddy as þe rose, and all below her visage, so ladylike shapen, he drew a sigh, as a wight þat was sorely wounded. His heart began to heat and his marrow to melt, þe fine þreads of love reached þrough every joint of his limbs, and he burned wiþin wiþ heat so, and quaked as if wiþ cold, so þat it seemed to him in his þought, þat he could pray in þe world for bliss of no sort, except only her body, to deal wiþ her wiþ his will according as he pleased, and he began wiþ sweetness softly to say.

"My life and my leman and lady, if it please þee, The lover suasive.

ant iboren heheft hwi destu us þa fo wa: þurh þi muchele unwit <sup>t</sup> wurchest fo wraðe nulli þe na mare uuel þen þi seolf waldest ah leof me were þat tu þi luðere þonc lefdest. <sup>t</sup> te wel schulde wið alle wunne iwurðen. <sup>t</sup> neauer of þi wil ne schal þe nawt wontin. ant loke alswa þe lahen af al þat cun þat tu art of icumen. <sup>t</sup> akennet of: leueð ant luvieð hwi leauestu ham þe ane. <sup>t</sup> wurðeð þe fo laðe. ne wen þu nawt þe ane wið þi wisdom to ouerstihen ham alle.

**L**Et quoð ha elewsi ant strew swucche wordes for ne beoð ha riht nohtes. for þef ju cneowe ant were cuð wið þe king þat if ower alle kingef icrunet in heouene lutel waldestu leoten of ower lahelesse lahen pet

<sup>1</sup> MS. repeats 'schulden to,' \* [Leaf 60.]

leareð ow to luten dedliche schafsten af þe schulden to<sup>1</sup> \*godd ant gremieð ower schuppent for þe cwike deoulen doð ham þrin on hwet þe bileueð ant hwen so þe herieð ham: þe herieð þen unhwiht ant buheð af to healent ant he wule ower hwile bitterliche zelden. For ne wergeð he neauer to wurchen ow al þat wandreðe world & buten

"I wish thee no more evil than thou wishest thyself."

and highest born; why dost thou cause us both such woe through thy great folly, and workest so fiercely? I will thee no more evil than thou wouldest thyself, but it would be agreeable to me that thou leftest thy evil mind, and it should become well with thee with all joy, and naught of thy will shall ever be wanting to thee. And regard also the customs which all the race that thou art come and begotten of, believe and love. Why dost thou alone leave them? Why become they so loathsome to thee? Suppose not that thou alone with thy wisdom surpassest them all."

"Leave," quoth she, "Eleusius, and stop such words; If thou knewest for they are worth right naught. For if thou knewest the King of kings," said she, "thou wouldest not bow before lifeless creatures."

and wert acquainted with the king who is above all kings, crowned in heaven, little wouldest thou esteem your lawless laws which teach you to bow before mortal (*or* lifeless) creatures, as ye should do to God, and anger your Creator, for the living devils get into (the idols) on which ye believe; and whenever ye praise them, ye praise the Evil Being, and bow as to a saviour, and he will bitterly repay your time. For he will never weary of working you all misery world without

[*A leaf, 42, is here wanting.*]

ende. Do þat tu don wult for nullich þe nan oðer don  
bute ȝef þu liðe ant leue min lare ant luuie god al mihti  
ant leuae alle þe lahen þat tu list inne.

**M**E leof quoð elewsius ȝef me fwa biluuede hit were  
sone ifeid þe keiser ant ikudd to þe kinge. ⁊ he  
me walde warpen ut of mine wike ant demen me to deaðe.  
ant heo him onswerede. ȝef þu dredest so muchel an dedlich  
mon þe liueð al aȝein law ant leueð al hif lune in lilese  
schaften : on hif schuppent scheome. ⁊ art offruht fwa to  
leosen hif freontschipe. schuldich þenne forsaken ihesu crift  
godes sunne þe is ort ant ende of al. þat euer god is. þe wule  
hefter ȝis lif. þat ich lete lutel of. for hif luffsum luue  
leue wið him seolf þe sy ant þe felhðe of heouenriches  
wunnen. speche þu maht spillen ant ne speden nawiht þah  
þu me buste ant beate as þat is bitaht te. ⁊ to derue pine  
don me ant te dreori deð. ne schaltu þah þu famon flea

end. Do that which thou meanest to do, for I will do no other for thee, unless thou listen and believe my lore, and love God Almighty, and leave all the customs that thou liest in."

"If thou dreadest a mortal man, and fearest to lose his friendship, should I forsake Jesus Christ, the beginning and end of all good?"

"My dear," quoth Eleusius, "if I were pleased to do so, it would soon be told to the emperor, and made known to the king, and he would cast me out of my office and doom me to death." And she answered him, "If thou dreadest so much a mortal man, who lives quite against law, and bestows all his love upon lifeless creatures to the dishonour of his Creator, and art so affrighted to lose his friendship, should I then forsake Jesus Christ, Gods Son, who is beginning and end of all that ever is good, who will, after this life which I value little for his lovesome love, [that I] live with himself [in] the victory and the happiness of heaven-kingdoms joys? Speech thou mayest spill (waste), and speed not, though thou bruise me and beat as it is given thee (to do), and put me to severe pain and to dreary death; thou shalt not, though thou, foeman, flay

[*A leaf, 42, is here wanting.*]

\*[Leaf 60, back.] me : ne schaltu feon \*me þe sonre flakien to leuen ant te  
 luuien godd alre gume lauerd. þe reue rudnede ant ogrome  
 grede. strupeð hire steort naket. t̄ strecheð hire on þe  
 eorðe ant fix men beateð hire hwil ha mahten drehen.  
 þat ha al wes bigan mite blode t̄ hwil ha hire beoten ha  
 bigonne to þeien : þis if þe biginnunge of þe far ant te  
 scheome þat tu schalt drehen : bute þu to vſ beie. yet tu  
 maht þef þu wult burhen þe seoluen. ant þef þu mare  
 wiðfeist : wa wurðe him wurst þat te mest sparie. won-  
 dreðe to donne. Doð quoð ha deaðef funef al þat te  
 deouel hwas driuelef þe beoð driueð ow to donne. lutel  
 if me of ower luue. lassfe of ower wraðe þat wite þe to  
 wiffe. Nu cweðen heo wa him þenne þe ne wurche  
 þe mest wa. þer wes forhe te feon hire leoflich lich

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me, thou shalt not see me the sooner slacken to believe and  
 to love God, the Lord of all men." The reeve reddened,  
 Juliana is stript and in anger cried, " Strip her stark naked, and stretch her  
 naked, and beaten by six men till she is  
 beaten by six men till she is  
 covered with blood.  
 Yet she tells her tormentors that  
 she cares not for them,  
 drudges ye are, driveth you to do ; little care I for your love,  
 less for your wrath, know ye that for certain." " Now,"  
 said they, " woe to him, then, who works thee not the  
 greatest woe." There was sorrow to see her lovely body

\*tu for na schahlt þe sonre seo me flakien to luuien ant \*[Fol. 43.]  
to leuen oþen liuiende godd alre gume lauerd.

[þ]e reue feng to rudnин igrome of great heorte. t  
het hif heaþene men strupin hire stort naket.  
t strecchen oþer eorðe. t hwil þat eauer fix men mahten  
idrehen beaten hire beare bodi; þat ha al were bigoten of  
þe blode. Ha duden al af he bed. t hwil þat ha beoten  
hire; bigunnen to zeien. þif is a biginnunge of þe far  
þat tu schalt; t of þe scheome drehen: þef þu nult to  
ure wil buhen t beien. Ah yet þu maht þef þu wult  
burhe þe seolfen. ant þef þu mare wiðfeist; alre monne  
wurðe him wurst of wa t of wontreaðe þe ne wurche  
þe meast.

[D]oð quoð ha deofles limen al þat te deoflen hwaſ  
druelef; þe beoð drueð ow to donne. lutel me if of  
ower luue. leaffe of ower laðe. t of þes þreates riht noht;  
wite þe hit to wisse. Nu cwenen ha. wa him þe ne fondi  
to dei for te wurche þe wurst. Þer wæf forhe to seon  
on hire freoliche flesch hu ha ferden þer wið. Ah heo

þou shalt not any quicker make me slow to believe in and  
love God, Lord of all men."

þe prefect began to redder in great anger of heart, and bade his heaþen men strip her stark naked, and stretch her on þe earð, and as long as six men could hold out, beat her bare body, so þat she should be all suffused wiþ þe blood. þey did just as he bade, and while þey beat her þey began to cry, "Pis is a beginning of þe soreness and shame þat þou shalt endure, if þou wilt not bow and bend to our will. But yet þou mayst, if þou wilt, protect þyself; and if þou longer refuse, let worst of all men befall to him of wo and misery, who works not most of þat to þee."

"Do," quoð she, "ye limbs of þe devil, all þat þe devil, whose drudges ye be, driveð you to do, little care She defies her persecutors still. I for your love, less for your hate, and for þese treas just noþing, know ye þat for a surety." "Now," said þey, "wo to him þat tries not to spend his life in working her worst mischief." It was þen a sorrow to see how þey dealt wiþ her ladylike flesh. But she

fareñ so reowliche wið. ⁊ þuldeliche heo hit þolede for  
þe luue of drihtin ant hwen ha mest far hefde sikerlukest  
ha ȝeide. halden on longe ne leaue ȝe neuor. for nullich  
leauen þis luue for luue. ne for eie.

**H**e reue þa he herde þis het hire hon up ant hongin  
biþe toppe. ant swa me dude sone. ⁊ leiden swa  
luȝerliche on hire on euch half. þat euch dunt defde into  
hire liche þat ha al biȝet on gure blode. Lauerd godd  
almihti quoð heo þa. loke to þi meiden. þu fondest abra-  
ham ant fundest him treowe þu lef me þat ich mote þe  
treowliche luuien. hald me min healent af þu hauest  
bigunnen. for nabich na mahte bute \*of þi strenge. ant  
on þe itruste nawt ome seoluen ant swuch hope ich habbe  
to þin help healent þat her ich habbe bihaten þe þat ne  
schal neauer mi luue ne min bialeue lutlin for na derf ne  
for nan wondre. ne for dute of deaȝe þah ich hit schulde

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dealt with so ruefully. And patiently she suffered it for  
the love of the Lord, and when she had greatest pain, she  
and that she will never give up her love for the off, for I will not leave this love, for love nor for awe."

Lord.  
They hang her up by her hair, and beat her again.

The reeve, when he heard this, bade hang her up and  
suspend by the hair of the head; and so was soon done,  
and they laid upon her so villanously on each side, that  
each blow sank into her body, so that she altogether ran  
with gory blood. "Lord God Almighty," quoth she

She prays to God then, "look to thy maiden. Thou triested Abraham,  
and foundest him true; grant me that I may truly love  
thee. Hold me, my Saviour, as thou hast begun; for  
I have no might but of thy strength; and in thee I  
trust, not in myself. And such hope I have for thy  
help, Saviour, that here I have promised thee that my  
love and my belief shall never lessen, for no hardship,  
nor for any misery, nor for fear of death, though I should

hit al þuldeliche þolede for drihtin. ⁊ hwen ha felde  
meast far; fikerlukest seide. Haldeð longe \*ne leaue þe \*[Fol. 43b.]  
neauer. for nulle ich leauen his luue. þat ich on leue.  
ne for luue. nowðer ne for luðer eie.

[E]leusius iherde þis. ⁊ feng his neb to rudnin ant  
tendrin ut of teone. ⁊ hehte swiðe neomen hire ⁊  
teon biþe top up; ⁊ fwa me dude sone. fwa þat ha hongede  
feor from þer eorðe. bi þe uaxane. ⁊ leiden þa se luðer-  
liche on hire on euch halue; þat euch dunt defde in hire  
leofliche lich þe þet of þe ȝerden al o gure blode. lauerd  
godd almihti quoð ha loke to þi meiden. þu fondest  
abraham. ⁊ fundest him treowe. lef me þat ich mote. þe  
treowliche lunien. Halt me healent min ihesu crift godeſ  
fune af þu hauest bigunnen. for nam ich strong of na þing  
buten of þi strengðe. ⁊ o þe itruste al; ⁊ nawt o me  
feoluſ. ant her ich bihate þe. fwuch hope ich habbe to  
þin help. milde godd al mihti. ne schal neauer mi luue.  
ne mi bileaue towart te lutlin ne lihen. for na derf ne  
for na deað; þat ich schule drehen.

bore it all patiently for þe Lord, and when she felt most soreness she confidently said, “Hold on long, nor ever leave off, for I will not leave his love, on whom I believe, neijer for love nor for fear.”

Eleusius heard þis, and began to be red in face, and to burn out of vexation, and gave orders quickly to take her and draw her up by þe hair of þe head, and so was soon done, so þat she hung far from þe earð by þe hair, and þey laid upon her so villanously on each side þat every blow dinted into her lovely body, which ran off þe rods all in gory blood. “Lord God Almighty,” quoð She is suspended by the hair of the head. she, “look on þy maiden. þou temptedst Abraham and foundst him true; grant me þat I may be able truly to love þee. Hold me, Saviour mine, Jesu Christ, Son of God, as þou hast begun; for I am not strong of any ȝing but of þy strengð, and I trust altoȝer in þee and not at all in myself, and here I promise þee, such hope I have for þine help, mild God Almighty, never shall my love, nor my belief towards þee lessen nor prove false, for any harm nor for any deað þat I shall endure.” She prays.

drehen. þa elewsius ifeh þif þat ha þuf feng on to festnen  
hire feoluen þohte þat he walde anan don hire ut of  
dahene t̄ bed swiðe bringen hire brune of wallinde breas  
ant healden on hire heauet þat hit urne endelong hire leof-  
liche bodi dun to þe helen ant fwa me dude sone. ah hire  
hende healent wiste hire unweommet. elewsius warð wod  
ut of his witte. ant nuste hwet feggen t̄ het swiðe don hire  
ut of his ehfihðe. t̄ dreihen hire into darc huf t̄ prisunes  
pine. ant he duoden sone. Heo as ha þrinne wes in  
þeoferneffe hire ane feng te cleopien to crist ant bidden  
þeof bone.

**L**AUERD god al mihti. mi murhðe ant mi mede mi  
fy ant mi selhðe þu isist hu ich am bistaðet ant  
bistonden festne mi bileaue steor me ant streng me. for

Eleusius, wishing to take her life, has boiling brass poured over her; but it does not harm her.

Then he bids them drag her into a dark prison.

She prays :—  
“Lord, strengthen me, for

“Lord God Almighty, my joy and my meed, my victory and my happiness, thou seest how I am bestead and be-  
stood; confirm my belief, steer me and strengthen me, for

[þ]a eleusius seh þat ha þus feng on to festnin hire feo-luen isoðe billeaue; þohte he walde don hire anan ut of dahene: 't bed bilieue bringen forð brune wallinde bref. 't healden hit se wal \*hat hehe up on hire heaued. þat hit \*[Fol. 45, wrongly numbered.] urne enddelong hire leofliche lich adun to hire healen. Me dude al af he het. Ah þe worldes wealdent þat wiste sein iuhan his ewanigelistre unhurt iþe neat of wallinde eoli þer he wef idon in. þat afe hal com up þrof; af he wef hal meiden. þe ilke liues lauord. wiste him unwemmet. his brud of þe bref þat wef wallinde. swa þat ne þuhte hit hire buten afe wlech weater al þat ha felde. Eleusius wod þa nuste hwet segen. Ah hehte swiðe don hire ut of his ehfihðe. 't dreain in to dorc hus to prisunes pine ant swa ha wef idon sone.

[H]eo af ha þrinne wef i þeosternesesse hire ane. feng to cleopien to crifl 't bidde þeof bone. lauord god almihti mi murhðe 't mi mede. mi sy 't al þe felhðe. þat ich efter seche þu sifst al hu ich am biseaðet 't bistonden. festne mi billeaue. Riht me 't read me.

When Eleusius saw þat þus he was proceeding to establish her in þe true faið, he thought he would put her anon out of light of day, and bade forðwiþ bring forð fiery glowing brass, and hold so glowing hot high up on her head þat it should run along her lovely body down to her heels. Men did as he ordered. But þe Ruler of þe world, who saved Saint John his evangelist unhurt in þe vessel of boiling oil in which he was put, who came up out of it as sound as he was a perfect maiden man, (Tertullian de Prescript. Hæret. xxxvi.) þe same Lord of Life, saved for himself unpolluted his bride from þe brass þat was glowing, so þat all þat she felt seemed to her but as lukewarm water. Eleusius ben madly knew not what to say, but ordered her hastily to be removed from his presence and dragged to a dark She is sent to prison. house, to prisons pain: and so was soon done.

She, when she was therein in darkness by herself, She prays. began to cry to Christ and pray his prayer, "Lord God Almighty, my joy and my reward, my triumph and all þe happiness þat ever I seek, thou seest how I am bestead and bestood; confirm my faið; direct me and counsel me,

al mi strenge is uppon þe. mi feder. ⁊ mi moder for ich  
 nulle forsaken þe: habbeð forsaken me ⁊ al mi nest falde  
 cun me heaneð þet schulden mine freond beon: beoð me  
 mest feondes ant mine hinen me beoð mest heanan ah  
 habbich þin anef help ich am wil cweme ne leaf þu me  
 neuer liuende lauerd as þu wistest daniel bimong þe wode  
 \*[Leaf 61, back.] leuns ant te þeo chil\*dren ananie zacharie misael inempnet.  
 biwistest unweommet from þe ferliche fur of þe furneise  
 fwa þu wite ant witen me to witen me from sunne. lauerd  
 þurh þis leafe lif: lead me to leſtinde to þe hauene of  
 heale as þu leddest ifraeles folc þurh þe reade sea buten  
 ſchip druifot ant hare fan ſenchteſt þat ham efter fohten  
 afal þu mine famen ant to driſ drihtin þen deouel þat  
 me derueð. for ne mei na mon wið uten þi strenge  
 stonden him aȝeines leſ me þat ich mote iſeon him ȝet

all my strength all my strength is in thee. My father and my mother,  
 is in thee. because I will not forsake thee, have forsaken me, and all  
 my nearest kindred afflict me; (they) who should be my  
 friends are my greatest enemies, and my hinds are my  
 greatest afflictions. But if I have the help of thee alone,

I am content; never leave me, living Lord. As thou  
 protectest Daniel among the raging lions, and guardedst  
 unhurt the three children, named Ananias, Zacharias,  
 Misael, from the fearful fire of the furnace, so protect and  
 preserve me to shield me from sin. Lord, through this  
 false life, lead me to the lasting (life), to the haven of  
 salvation, as thou leddest the people of Israel through the  
 Red Sea, without ship, dryfoot, and sunkest their foes that  
 pursued them; fell thou my foemen and drive off, Lord,  
 the devil who afflicts me, for no man without thy strength  
 can stand against him. Grant me that I may yet see him

for al mi trust if on þe. Steor me t̄ streng me for al  
 mi strengðe if of þe. mi feader t̄ mi moder for þi þat  
 ich nule þe forsaken ; habbe forsake me. t̄ al mi  
 nestfalde cun. þat schulde beo me best freond ; beoð me  
 meaſt feondef. t̄ mine inhinien ; alre meaſt hea[r]men.  
 herewurðe healent. habbe \*ich þin anes help. ich am wil-  
 cweme ne forleaf þu me nawt luuiende lauerd. af þu  
 biwistest daniel bimong þe wode liuns ilatet se luðere. t̄  
 te þeo children þe chearre nalden from þe lahen þat ha-  
 schulden luuien. Ananie t̄ Azarie t̄ Misahel inemnet.  
 Al þu al wealdent biwistest ham unwemmet. wid þat  
 ferliche fur i þe furneise. swa þu wunne of þe worlt wite  
 me t̄ were t̄ witere. t̄ wisse þurh þi wisdom to wite  
 me wið funne. lauerd liues lattow. lead me þurh þis lease.  
 þis lutle leaſtinde lif ; to þe hauene of heale. Af þu  
 leaddest ifraſlef leode of egipte bute schip dru fot þurh  
 þe reade sea. t̄ aſenchteſt hare uan þe ferden ham efter.  
 t̄ tu folkes feader. aual mine vamen. t̄ tu drihtin to drif  
 þe deouel þat me derueð. for ne mei na monnes strengðe

for all my trust is in þee. Rule me and strengthen  
 me for all my strength is from þee. My faſer and my  
 moþer, because I will not forsake þee, have forsaken me,  
 and all my nearest kindred, þat should be best friends to  
 me, are my greatest foes, and my indoor hinds are of all  
 my greatest afflictions. Glory, worþy Saviour ! I have þine  
 only help : I am content, abandon me not, Loving Lord !  
 as þou protectedst Daniel among þe mad lions abandoned  
 so vilely, and þe three children named Ananias, Azarias,  
 and Misael, who would not turn from þe laws þat þey  
 ought to love. All þem, þou Allruler, þou protectedst un-  
 stained against þat frightful fire in þe furnace ; so, þou  
 Joy of þe world, protect and defend and preserve and save  
 me wiþ þy wisdom to save me from sin. O Lord, Guide  
 of life, lead me þrough þis false, þis shortlasting life, to þe  
 haven of salvation ; as þou leddest Israels people out of  
 Egypts land wiþout ship, dryfoot, þrough þe Red Sea, and  
 sunkest þeir foes, which marched after þem ; and do þou,  
 Faſer of people, swallow up my foemen, and do þou,  
 Lord, drive off þe devil þat harms me, for no mans strength

ſchent: þat weneð me to ſchrenchen ant ſchunchen of þe  
weie: þat leadeð to eche lif. wite me from his lað ant wið  
his crefti crokes. wite me wið mine unwines þat tu beo  
euer iheret ant iheiet in heouene ant in eorðe beo þu áá  
ibleſcet af þu were ant art. ant euer ſchalt beon in eche  
blifſe. amen.

**P**a ha hefde ibeden þuf. com a kempe of helle in  
englene heowe ant feng on to motin wið þif  
edie meiden. Iuliane þe edie mi leof. þu hauest for  
mi luue muchel idrohen ant idrehen ant hauest for  
mi luue. feorliche fan þat te wið fehteð þat ogrome  
greieð þe alles cunes pinen. ne mei ich hit þolien  
þat ha þuf merren þe na mare þu hauest inoh min  
freontſchipe of-feruet. me areoweð þi read ah hercne  
me nuðen. wurch elewſiſes wil. for ich þeue þe leue.

confounded who thinks to make me shrink and step from  
the way that leads to eternal life. Protect me from his  
Preserve me from mine enemies, that thou  
mayest be ever praised, in heaven and earth.”  
hatred and his crafty devices, guard me against my  
enemies, that thou mayst ever be praised and extolled, in  
heaven and in earth. Be thou ay blessed, as thou wert,  
and art, and ever shalt be in eternal bliss. Amen.”

A devil in angel-form comes to her, and tells her she has suffered enough, and that she may work the will of Eleusius.

When she had prayed thus, there came a warrior of hell in form of angels, and began to discourse with this blessed maiden. “Juliana the blessed, my dear, thou hast borne and suffered much for my love, and hast for my love strange foes that fight against thee, that in anger prepare for thee pains of every kind. I cannot endure it, that they mar thee thus any more; thou hast sufficiently merited my friendship; I rue thy purpose; but hearken to me now. Work Eleusius will, for I give thee leave.”

wiðuten þin stonden him to þineſ. leſ<sup>1</sup> me þat ich mote<sup>1</sup> MS. leſ.  
 mihti meinſule godd iſeon him iſcheomet þet þe weneð  
 me to ſchrenchen. † ſchunchen of þe nearowe wei þat  
 leadeð to eche lif. loke me from hiſ lað liuiende lauerð.  
 Make me war † wite me wið hiſ crefti crokeſ. þat ha  
 me ne crechen. were me fwa wið þen vnviue. helpleſef  
 heale. þat tu beo iheiet † iheret eaure in eorðe. af in  
 heouene. \*Beo þu aa ibleſcet lauerd af þu were ant art  
 † ſchalt beon in eche.

\*[Fol. 47, mis-numbered,  
should be 46.]

**A**s ha þeof bone heſde ibeden; com akempe of helle  
 on englene heowe. † feng on to motin þus wið  
 hiſ meiden. Juliene mi leofmon þu haueſt for mi luue  
 muſchel idrohen † idrahen þu haueſt feorliche fan þat te  
 fehþeð aȝein. ha greiðið þe o grome nu alleſ cunnes  
 pinen. ne mei ich þolien. þat ha þuf mearren þe na mare.  
 þu art inoh ifondet † tu haueſt mi freondschiſe inoh  
 ſwiðe offeruet. me areoweð þi far. Ah [hercne] nuðe  
 mi read. wurch eleuſiuſ wil. for ich þe þeoue leave.

wiþout þine can stand againſt him: permit me, Mighty, Mainful God, to be able to see him yet ashamed þat expects to make me shrink and step from þe narrow way þat leadeð to eternal life. Protect me from his hate, Loving Lord, make me wary and guard me against his crafty crooks, þat þey may never catch me; so ward me against þe evil one, Safety of þe helpless, þat þou mayſt ever be extolled and glorified for ever in earð, as in heaven. Be þou ever blessed, Lord, as þou wert, and art, and shalt be, to eternity. Amen."

When she had bidden þis bede, þere came a champion <sup>A devil in an</sup> of hell in hue of angels, and began to discuss þus wiþ <sup>angels shape</sup> þis noble maiden. "Juliana, my dear, þou hast suffered and endured much for my love: þou hast strange foes þat fight against þee, þey are preparing now in rage pains of all sorts; I cannot endure it, þat þey should mar þee any more; þou hast been enough tried, and þou hast þoroughly enough observed my friendship. Þi sore I rue. But hearken now to my counsel; and work þe wil of Eleusius, for I give þee leave."

\*[Leaf 62.] þif meiden wæs awun\*dret swiðe ant þah feng to freinen þus cweðinde. hwet hwiht art tu þat swuch word me bringest. ich am quoð þat unwiht godes heh engel. for to seggen þe þif isend from þe heouene. Heo awundrede swiðe ant tah af þeo þet naws of lihte bilaue on heh wið hire heorte stille bute stefne þus to criste cleopede

I Esu quoð ha godes sunne þu art þi feder wisdom wiffe me nuðen hwet me beo to donne ant do me to understanden ȝef þif isfondes þat me þis seið. þa com þer softe a stefne fihinde from þe heouene fihinde ant þus cweðinde. Iuliane þe edie iblescet beo þe time þat tu iboren were. nule nawt þi leouemon þolian na þe les þing lihen þe longe. hit if þe stronge deouel þat stont ter biforen þe ga neor ant nim him ant bind him hette-feste godd al mihti ȝeueð þe gode leue ant þe mahte hit forte donne & tu schalt him leaden efter þat te likeð ant he schal unþone in his teð cuðen þe þat tu wilnest.

Juliana is greatly astonished.

This maiden was astonished greatly, and notwithstanding began to inquire, thus saying : "What being art thou that bringest me such word ?" "I am," quoth the Evil Being, "Gods archangel, sent from heaven to tell thee this." She wondered much, and yet, as one who was not of light belief, on high, with her heart, stilly without voice, thus to Christ called :—

She prays :— "Jesu," quoth she, "Son of God, thou art thy fathers "Jesus, make me to know whether this is thy messenger." Then came there softly a voice descending from heaven, "A voice from heaven answers that it is the devil, and bids Juliana bind him fast." "Son of God, thou art thy fathers wisdom ; teach me now what I am to do, and give me to understand if this is thy messenger that says this to me." "Then came there softly a voice descending from heaven, descending and thus saying : "Juliana, the blessed, blessed be the time that thou wert born, thy leman will by no means suffer the false thing to lie to thee long. It is the strong devil that stands there before thee. Go nigher and take him and bind him fast. God Almighty gives thee good leave and the might to do it. And thou shalt lead him according as thou pleasest ; and he shall, in spite of his teeth, make known to thee what thou desirest."

**H**ef meiden weſ awundret ſwiðe of þeſ wordes. ⁊ af ha weſ offeareſ; feng on to freinin. Hwet wiht quoð ha art tu. þat þulli word me bringeſt. Ich hit am quoð þe unwiht. godeſ heh engel. forte ſegge þe þis iſent te from heouene. Ha wundrede hire ſwiðe. ⁊ af þeo þe nef nawt of lihte bilaueſ. ſtille buſte ſteauene on heh in hire heorte cleopede to crifeſ.

**I**hesu quoð ha godeſ fune þat art þi feader wiſdom wiſſe me þi wummon hwet me beo to donne. ⁊ ȝeſ þi deore wil if do me to underſtonden. þat þe þat þis ſeið me ȝeſ he beo þi fonde. ⁊ com ſihinde adun foſte<sup>1</sup> from heouene. <sup>1</sup> MS. foſte. aſteuene þat feide. Juliene. þe eadie \*ibleſcet beo þe time. þat tu ibore were. nule nawt þi leofmon þolie na leas þing ta lihe þe longe. Hit if þe ſtronge vniſt þe ſtont ter of helle. Ga nu neor ⁊ nim him. ⁊ wið þe bondef þat ter beoð bind him heteueſte. Godd al mihti ȝeuð þe mahte for te don hit. ⁊ tu ſchalt leaden him al eſter þat te likeð. ⁊ he ſchal al telle þe vñþonc in hiſ teð þat tu wilneſt to witen. ⁊ kenne þe ⁊ cuðen al þat tu eaſkeſt.

þis maiden was much aſtoniſhed at þeſe words, and terrified as she was, began to inquire, "What being," <sup>She ſuspects his words.</sup> quoð ſhe, "art thou þat bringeſt me ſuch a message?" "I am," quoð þe Evil One, "Gods archangel, ſent from heaven to tell þee þis." She wondered much, and as one þat was not of light belief, ſtilly in her heart wiþout raised voice, called on Christ.

"Jesu," quoð ſhe, "Son of God, þat art þy faþers <sup>Prays.</sup> wiſdom, instruct me, þy handmaid, what I muſt do; and if it be þy dear will, cauſe me to understand, wheþer he be þy messenger þat ſaið thiſ to me." And þere came descending down ſoft from heaven a voice þat þus ſaid <sup>A voice from heaven.</sup> to her, "Juliana, þe ſaintly, bleſſed be þe time þat thou born wert; þy leman wiſt not endure, þat any false þing deceiue þee any longer. It is þe ſtrong Evil One of hell who stands þere. Go now near and take him and wiþ þe bonds þat be þere bind him fast; God Almighty giveð þee power for to do it, and thou ſhalt lead him wheresoever it pleaseth þee; and he ſhall tell þee all in ſpite of hiſ teeð þat thou chooſeſt to know, and ſhall inform þee and explain all þat thou aſkeſt."

þif eadie meiden af heo wæf iwisset of þen engel leop to ant lahte him ant seide. Swiðe sei me hwæt art þu ant hwe-onne ant hwa þe hider fende ant he wende heowes 't warð swuch af he her wes unwiht of helle. lefdi quoð he lef me ant ich þe wule seggen. Swiðe quoð ha sei me for ich for ichulle þe leowsin ant leauen hwen me þuncheð. Deore lefdi

\*[Leaf 62, back.] quoð \*he þa ich am þe deouel belial deoflene wurest ant mest if awariet. for wel nis me neuer bute hwen ich makie moncun wurchen to wundre. ich weorp adam ant eue of paraifes prude. ant þene acursede kaym to acwellen abel his broðer. ant te þreo children þat icoren weren beon idust in þe fur of þe ofne. ant ich makede nabugodonosor þe king of caldey makien þe mawmez igoten of golde. ant ich makede þen wittie ysaye beon isahet þurh ant þurh to deaðe.

Juliana seizes the devil, and asks him whence he comes, and who sent him.

This blessed maiden, as she was instructed by the angel, leapt to and seized him, and said, "Quickly tell me what thou art, and whence, and who sent thee hither." And he changed colour, and became such as he before was, an evil being of hell. "Lady," quoth he, "leave me and I will tell thee." "Quickly tell me," quoth she, "for I will loose thee and leave thee when it seems good to me."

He tells her that he is the devil Belial, who cast Adam and Eve out of Paradise, and caused Cain to slay his brother.

"Dear lady," quoth he then, "I am the devil Belial, worst of devils and most accurst; for it is never well with me, save when I make mankind work strangely. I cast Adam and Eve out of the pride of Paradise, and (caused) the accursed Cain to slay Abel his brother, and the three children that were chosen, to be dashed into the fire of the oven; and I caused Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Chaldea, to make the idols molten of gold; and I made the prophet Isaiah to be sawed through and through to death;

þif eadi meiden af ha wef iwisset þurh þen engel; leop to t̄ ilahste him. t̄ seide. sei me swiðe. hwet tu beo t̄ hweonene. t̄ hwa þe hider fende. ant he wið þat ilke feng to hwenden heowef. ant warð swuch af he wef vnhwiht of helle. leafdi quoð he leaf me. t̄ ich chulle seggen. Do swiðe sei me for ich chulle lowse þe t̄ leten hwen me þuncheð.

**D**eore leafdi. quoð he þa ich hit am þe deouel belial of alle unwreste unwhihtes þe wurste t̄ meast awriet. for nis me neauer wel ne nef; bute hwen ich makede moncun to wurche to wundre. Ich hit am. þat weorp ut adam t̄ eue; of paraife selhðe. t̄ ich hit am þat makede caym þe acurfeðe acwalde his broðer abel. ant ich hit am þat makede nabugodonosor. þe kene king of caldey makien þe maumez igoten al of golde. ant ich \*hit am þat makede þat te þreo children icoren ouer þe oþre; weren iduft to fordon iþet ferliche fur of þe muchele ouen. ant ich hit am þat makede þen muchele witti witege ysaie. beon isahet þurh t̄ þurh to deaðe.

\*[Fol. 48.]

þis holy maiden, when she was instructed by þe angel, leapt at him and caught him, and said, "Tell me quickly, what thou art and whence, and who sent þee hiþer;" and he wiþ þat same took to turning colour; and became such as he was an evil one of hell. "Lady," quoð he, "leave me and I will say." "Do quickly, tell me; for I will loose þe and let go, when it seemeð good to me."

She seizes the devil.

"Dear lady," quoð he þen, "I am so, þe devil belial of all cunning evil ones þe worst and most accursed; for it is never well wiþ me nor was, but when I made mankind to work for mischief. I am he who cast out Adam and Eve from paradise joy; I am he þat made Cain, þe accursed, slay his brother Abel, and I am he þat made Nebuchadnezzar, þe keen king of Chaldea, make þe molten images all of gold; and I am he þat caused þe three children, elect beyond oþers, to be dashed into þe strange fire of þe big oven to perish; and I am he þat caused þe great witty profet Isaiah to be sawed þrough and þrough to deaðe." The devil avows himself.

¶ ich makede tenden ierusalem ant driuen hit to duste  
 ¶ et deore godeſ temple. ant ich make[de] ifraheleſ folc  
 to leuen iþat wilderneſſe þen lauerd þat heom aleſde: ant  
 igotene goðes to heien ant te herien. ant ich þe þat refde  
 þen riche iob his ahte. ¶ wrahte so muche wondreðe. ant  
 ich am þat welfum hwile þurh þe wife ſalomon feſte  
 bitunet. ¶ ich am þe makede fein iuhan heſdef bicoruen.  
 ant feinte ſtefne mid ſtanef iſtenet. ¶ ich am þe þet ſpec  
 þurh ſymoneſ muð þe wicche. þet weorrede euer aȝein  
 peter ant pawel ant ich redde nerrun: þe riche keifer of  
 rome to biheſden pawel ant don peter on rode ant ich  
 makede þat te eniht þurlede crifteſ fide mit te ſpere  
 ſcharpe. þah ich þe talde al dei ne mahte ich þe tellen þe  
 wundref þat ich iwraht habbe ant meſt monne bone ibeon  
 of alle mine breðren Do ſei me quod þat meiden hwaſ  
 ſende þe to me ant if meiſter ouer þe. leſdi quod he

and I made Jerusalem to be set on fire, and the dear temple  
 of God driven to dust; and I made Israels people in the  
 wilderness to leave the Lord who delivered them, and to

"I am he that extol and to praise molten gods. And I (am) he that  
 spoiled Job of his possessions, caused St. John to be beheaded,  
 and Stephen to be stoned with stones."

so much misery; and I am he that was at one time fast  
 inclosed by the wise Solomon; and I am he that made  
 St. John to be beheaded, and St. Stephen stoned with  
 stones; and I am he that spake through the mouth of  
 Simon Magus, who warred ever against Peter and Paul;  
 and I counselled Nero, the rich emperor of Rome, to  
 behead Paul and crucify Peter; and I caused the knight  
 to pierce Christs side with the sharp spear. Though I  
 should tell thee all day, I could not tell thee (all) the  
 wonders that I have wrought; and (I have) been the bane  
 of men more than all my brethren."

"Tell me," quoth she, "who is thy master?" "Come, tell me," quoth the maiden, "who sent thee to me, and is master over thee?" "Lady," quoth he,

ant ich hit am þat makede to ontenden ierusalem. ⁊ godes deore temple to driuen al to duste. ant ich hit am þat makede. ⁊ readde ifraælef folc to leauen iþe wildernesſe. þe lauerd þat aleſde ham of pharaones þeowdom. ⁊ makeden ham godes igotene. to heien ⁊ to herien. ant ich hit am þe reafde þe riche Job hif ahte. fwa þat he weolewede of wontreðe iþe mixne. ant ich hit am þat sum chearre wef þurh þe wife Salomon et halden. ant ich hit am þet makede sein iuhan þe baptiste beon heafdef bicoruen; ⁊ feinte stephene ifteanet. ant ich hit am þat spec þurh simunes muð. þe wicche. þe weorrede eauer aȝein peter ⁊ pawel. ant ich hit am þe readde nerun þe riche keifer of rome to don o rode peter. ⁊ to biheafdin pawel. ant ich makede þe eniht to þurlin godes fide wið scharpe speref ord. þah ich talde al dei; yet ich mahte tellen. for ma wundref ich habbe iwrath; þene ich mahte munien. ⁊ ma monne bone ibeon; þen ei of mine breðren.<sup>1</sup>

Do sei me quoð þe meiðen. hwa fende þe to me:  
ant hwa \*if meiſter ouer þe. leafdi quoð he

<sup>1</sup> MS. brre-  
ðren.

\*[Fol. 48b.]

And I am he þat made Jerusalem be set on fire and Gods dear temple to be driven all to dust. And I am he caused and counselled þe people of Israel in þe wilderness to leave þe Lord þat released þem from Pharaohs servitude, and to make þemselves molten gods to extol and glorify. And I am he who robbed þe rich Job of his possessions, so þat he wallowed up for misery on See notes to the Koran. þe mixen. And I am he þat once on a time was bottled up by þe wise Solomon. And I am he þat caused Saint John þe Baptist to be beheaded, and St. Stefanos stoned. And I am he þat spoke þrough þe mouð of Simon Magus, who warred always against Peter and Paul: and I am he þat counselled Nero, þe powerful emperor of Rome, to crucify Peter, and to behead Paul; and made þe soldier to pierce Christa side with a sharp Longinus. spears point. þough I were to recount all day, yet I could not tell all; for more miseries have I wrought þan I could remember, and have been bane of more men þan any of my breðren."

"Come, tell me," quoð þe maiden, "who sent þe to me; and who is master over þee." "Lady," quoð he,

\*[Leaf 63.] bélzebub \*þe alde þurf of helle. ant wet werec if þat he mest wurcheð. lefdi þef þi wil if he ifindeð al uuel ant bi þencheð al. ant send us þenne hwider so him þuncheð. Ȑ hwa se wel ne spet nawt hwen he sent us to wrenchen eni rihtwise ut of þe weie ant we ne mahan þet don: þenne darie we. Ȑ ne durren neuer cumen biuoren him Ȑ he hatterliche hat þeo. þat habbeð iwrath efter his wille þat hwer so ha us findeð: beaten us ant binden. Ȑ mare wa don us þen euer eni mon mahte þolien. For þi we moten lefdi: buhen to ure leowunde lauerd ant wurchen his wille.

**S**EI me þet witerluker quod ha hwuchel weif þe wurcheð ant bicherreð godes children. Lefdi quod he iuliane? þe ifont ant habbe ifulet me to wraðerheale. ich wende to habben ilead þe into þin aldrene lahen ant makien þe to leauen þe luue of þi lauerd. ant feng to fondin þe ant ich am afallet. Hwer fo euer eni mon god wule biginnen we makieð him to þenchen þonckes þer to þinef ant wenden hare heorte toward oþer willes þat wulleð ham harmen. ant makien ham to

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"Beelzebub," says he; "he invents all evil, and sends us forth whither he will." "Beelzebub, the old giant of hell." "And what work is it that he most works?" "Lady, if it is thy will, he invents all evil, and considers all, and sends us then, whitherso seems him good, and whoso speeds not well when he sends us to wrench any righteous person out of the way, and we cannot do that, then we loiter and dare never come before him; and he fiercely orders those that have wrought according to his will, whereso they find us, to beat and bind us, and cause us more woe than ever any man could endure. Therefore we must, lady, bow to our living lord, and work his will."

"Tell me how ye work and deceive Gods children." "Tell me yet more plainly," quoth she, "in what way ye work and deceive Gods children." "Lady," quoth he, "Juliana, thee I found and have followed to my ruin; I thought to have led thee into thy parents customs, and to make thee leave the love of thy Lord; and began to tempt thee, and I am overthrown. Wheresoever any man will begin good, we make him to think thoughts in the opposite direction, and to turn their hearts toward other desires that will harm them, and make them to

"Wherever a man begins to do good, we make him to think other thoughts that will harm him."

belzeebub. þe balde þurf of helle. Hwet if quoð ha his werc. 't hwet wurcheð he mest; leafdi þef þi wil if. he ifint euch uuel 't biȝencheð hit al. 't fendeð us þenne þider as him þuncheð. 't hwen we nawt ne spedeð ne ne mahan wrenchen sum rihtwif of þe weie; we dearieð 't ne durren nohwer cume biuoren him. 't he heterliche hat þeo þat habbeð iwraht efter his wille. Hwer se ha us ifinden. beaten us. 't binden 't don us mare wa on; þen ei mon mahte þolien. for þi we moten leafdi buhen swiðe. 't beiens to ure luuewrðe feader. 't wurchen alle his willes.

**S**ei quoð ha witerluker þet. hu þe wurchen 't o hwuche wife þe bichearreð godeſ children. leafdi quoð he Juliene þe ich font. 't habbe ifolhet me to wraðer heale; Ich wende iwig to leade þe into þine ealdrene lahen. 't makie to leauen þe luue of þi lauerd. ant feng on to fondin þe. ah ich am aueallet. Ich chulle kenne þe nu al þat tu easkest Hwer se we eauer ifeoð mon oðer wummon eani god biginnen; we wepnið us aȝein ham. 't makieð iſwiken al þat best mahte wenden hare heorte ant [we]

“Belzebub, þe bold portent of hell.” “What is,” quoð she, “his work? and what workeð he most?” “Lady, if it is þy will, he discovers each evil and invents it all, and þen sendeð us hiȝer as seemeð him fit; and when we have no success, nor are able to twist some rightwise person out of þe way, we loiter, and we dare not come into his presence, and he fiercely orders þem þat have wrought according to his will, wheresoever þey find us, to beat us and bind us and do us more woe, þan any man might endure; þerefore, lady, we must bow entirely, and bend to our loveworþy faþer and work all his will.”

The prince of  
the devils.

“Say,” quoð she, “more distinctly yet, how ye work and in what wise ye turn astray Gods children.” “Lady,” quoð he, “Juliana, þee I found and have followed to my own ruin. I weened, in truð, to lead þee into þe customs of þy ancestors, and to make þee to leave þe love of þy Lord, and began to tempt þee, but I am disappointed. I will explain to þe now all þat þou askest. Wheresoever we see a man or a woman begin any good, we arm ourselves against him, and we make to cease all þat best might turn þeir heart, and we

The devil is  
cross-examined;  
and reveals the  
secrets of hell.

leosen forto bidden ȝeorne þat godd binime ham ȝene wil  
 þat we ham in warpeð. t̄ heo unstrenged̄ þerwið ant we  
 strenged̄ on ham. t̄ ouerstiheð ham er ha left wenēn. t̄ ȝef ha  
 gað to chirche to bireowsen hare funnen. t̄ liðeliche lustnīn  
 hali writen lare: þer we beoð bifilukeſt ant þer mare þen  
 \* [Leaf 63, back.] elles hwer. to letten ham t̄ wrenchen hare þonckes \*to-  
 ward oðer unnute þinges. ah þeo ilke þat beoð stalewurðe  
 ha underſtondeð ham ant warpeð mid strengeð ut of hare  
 heorte hare unwreſte wil þat ich in ham warpe t̄ ȝeorn-  
 liche ȝieð efter godes grace to helpe. ant þenne meſt hwen  
 þe preoſt inwið þe meſſe noteð godes licome þet he nom  
 on þe laſtelef̄ meiden þer if riht bilaue ant inward bone  
 ant fwa icweme to godd: þet þenne biginne we to fleonne  
 ant turneð to þe luſte ant þis if al þat we doð te deruen  
 cristiſte men ant eggin to þen uuele.

lose (the desire) to pray earnestly that God may take away from them the desire that we cast into them; and they become weak therewith, and we grow strong against them, and surmount them before they the least think it. And if

"If they go to they go to church to repent of their sins, and mildly listen church to hear to the lore of Holy to the lore of holy writings, there we are most busy, and Writ, we turn there more than elsewhere, to hinder them and twist their their thoughts to useless things. thoughts toward other and useless things. But those who are strong cry to are stalwart, they understand them, and with strength God for help; But those who are strong cry to are stalwart, they understand them, and with strength then we begin to cast out of their hearts their wicked will that I cast into fly and turn to them, and earnestly cry after Gods grace to help, and then the air." especially when the priest in the mass partakes of Gods body which he took in the blameless maiden; there is right belief and inward prayer, and so pleasing to God, that then we begin to fly and turn to the air; and this is all that we do to harm Christian men, and egg them on to the evil."

makien ham to þenchen þohtes þer toȝeineſ. ⁊ wendeſ to oðer willeſ þat ham wulleſ hearmin. ⁊ makieſ ham forte leofe lust. forte bidde þeorne þat godd bineo\*me ham þe wil : þat we in ham warpeſ ⁊ unſtrengiſ þer wiſ. ⁊ we ſtrenged þer wiſ on ham al ear<sup>1</sup> ha leſt<sup>1</sup> MS. car. weneneſ. ⁊ þef we ſeoſ ham þeornliche fechen to chirche. ⁊ ter fwiſe bi ham ſeolf bireowſin hare funnen. ⁊ leofiche luſtnin hali chirche lare. þer we beoſ ſetten bifiſeſ ham abuten. ⁊ mare þer þen elleſ hwer to letten ham þef we mahan. ⁊ wrenchen hare þonkeſ towart unnette þingef. Ah hwucche ſe beoſ ſe ſtealewurſe; þat ha underſtonden ham ⁊ warpeſ ut wiſ ſtrengſe; ut of hare heorte. unwreafeſ willeſ þat ich ham in warpe. ⁊ þeornliche þeiſeſ after godeſ grace to help ⁊ to heale. ⁊ þenne meaſt hwen þe preoſt in wiſ þe meſſe noteſ godeſ licombe þat he nom of þat laſleſe meiden ; þer iſ riht bilaue. ⁊ inwardliche bonen ſwa icweme to godd. þat i þat ilke time we biginneſ to fleon ⁊ turneſ to flunte þis iſ al þat we doſ i cristenmen ⁊ eggiſ eauer to vuele.

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make 'em to ſink þoughts in þe opposite direction, and we turn þem to oþer plans which will do þem harm, and we make þem leave þe desire, earnestly to pray, þat God would take from þem þe will, which we introduce into þem, and by which we take þeir strengſ away; and þus fortified overcome þem, ere þey expect it at þe least; and if we see 'em earnestly seek to go to church, and þere fully by þemselves repent þeir sins and affectionately listen to Holy Church lore (Scripture lore R.), þere we are busily engaged about þem, and þere more þan elsewhere hinder þem if we are able, and twist þeir þoughts to unprofitable ſubjects. But whosoever are ſo stallwart þat þey understand þeſe promptings and ſrow out wiþ force out of þeir hearts þe mischievous wills þat I ſuggest to þem, and earnestly cry Gods grace for help and for healſ, and moſt þen when þe prieſt in þe ſervice of þe mass partakeſ of 'Gods body,' which he took of þat blameless maiden; where true faiſ exists and inward prayer, ſo acceptable to God, in þat ſame moment we begin to flee and turn to flight. þis is all þat we do on Christian men, and egg þem on ever to evil.'

**M**E þe ateliche wihtes quoð þis meiden hu durre þe neomen ow to cristes icorne. Me feli meiden hu derstu nu hondlin me ant halden me fwa hardeliche. bute for þi þat tu art trusti on þi lauerd. ant ich truste on minne af þu deſt oþinne. ant mi lauerdes wil ich wurche þat if meiſter ouer mixſchipe ouer al þer imei. ant þef ich mahte mare ich walde beon þe fenre. ah nat i[c]h hwet me makede her forte ſechen. bute mi muſhel unfeli ſið ſohte þe te feonne wumme þat fiþe ſariliche fit hit me ne fet me neuer naþing fwa luðere ne fwa fwere. wei hwi nefdich iwiſt hwuch weane me weſ toward. ne mi kinewurðe lauerd me ne cuðe nawt cuðen. þer of þulli \*wa if of foſter. for let me nu leſdi ant ichulle bilaueñ þe ant folhen an oðer. oðer ichulle forwreien to mi meinſule feder ah ichulle warnen þe biſoreñ: niſ hit nawt þe biheue.

\*[Leaf 64].  
**O** quod ha þreatefu me nu wrecche. þe ſchal iwuðen godſ hit wat godes þe wurge ant grap a great raketehe þat heo wes mide ibunden ant bond

"I know not what has brought me hither. Alas! why did I not see what misery was before me?"

"But, ye hateful wights," quoth this maiden, "how dare ye betake yourselves to Christs chosen?" "But, blessed maiden, how darest thou now handle me, and hold me so hard, but because thou art trustful on thy Lord? and I trust on mine, as thou dost on thine; and I work my lords will, who is master over wretchedness, everywhere that I can; and if I could do more, I should be the gladder. But I know not what made me seek (to come) here, unless my greatly unlucky journey sought to see thee. Woe is me! That sight, sorely it sits upon me; nothing ever sat so evil nor so heavy upon me. Alas! why had I not known what misery was before me? nor my royal lord, he could not inform me thereof. Such woe is of his foſter-ſon, let me go now, lady, and I will leave thee and follow another; another I will bewray to my mighty father. But I will warn thee beforehand, it is not to thy advantage."

"O," quoth ſhe, "threathenest thou me now, wretch? It shall turn out the worse for thee, God knows." And ſhe seized a great chain with which ſhe was bound, and bound

**M**e þe eateliche wihtes quoð, þat eadi wummon. hu  
durre þe eauer neomen ow to crifteſ icorene; me sei  
me feli meiden quoð he. hu derſt tu halde me t̄ hondlin  
ſe heterliche bute þuh þat tu art trufte o þi lauerd. t̄ ich  
do af þu deſt trufte o mi lauerd þat if meiſter \*of alle  
mixſchipeſ t̄ wurche hiſ wil ouer al aſe forð af imei. t̄  
þef ich mahte forðre ich walde beo þe feinre. ah nat i hwet  
vnſelisið makede me her to ſechen. bute mi muſeles un-  
ſelhðe fohte þe to feonne. wumme aa þat fihðe ſe fariliche  
hit fit me. ne fet me neauer na þing ſo luðere ne ſe fare.  
wei hwi nefde ich iwiſt. hwuch weane me wef towart.  
Ne mi kinewurðe feader ne cuðe nawt warnin of þulli wa  
hiſ foſter. forlet me mi leafdi t̄ ich chulle al bileaue þe. t̄  
folhin an oþer. oþer ich chulle forwreie þe to meinſule  
feader. Ah wel ich warni þe uore. hit niſ nawt þin biheue.  
O quoð ha Juliene ihesu crifteſ leofmon þreatef tu me  
wrecche; þe ſchal iwuðen godd hit wat gðeſe þe wurge.  
t̄ grap a great raketehe þat ha wef wið ibunden. t̄ bond

\*[Fol. 49b.]

"But, ye odious wights," quoð þat blessed woman,  
"how dare ye ever betake yourselves to Christs elect?"  
"But tell me, seely maiden," quoð he, "how dost þou  
hold me and handle me so roughly except because þou art  
trustful on þy Lord; and I do as þou dost, trust in my  
Lord, þat is master of all mischiefs, and I work his will  
above all þings, as far as I may, and I should be fainer  
if I might do so furþer. But I know not what bad luck  
made me seek to come here, except þat in my mickle  
unhap I sought to see þee. Woe is me! Ah, þat sight!  
it so sorely sits on me! Never did any þing sit on me so  
wretched nor so sore. Well away! Why had I not  
known what woes were coming on me! Nor my royal  
faþer, he could not warn of such a woe his foſterson.  
Let me go, lady, and I will altoȝer quit þee and follow  
anoþer: some oþer I will betray to my powerful faþer.  
But well I warn þee beforehand, it is not þy behoof."

"O," quoð she, Juliana, Jesus Christs lemman,  
"dost þou þreaten me, þou wretch? to þee it shall turn  
out, God wot, so much þe worse." And she seized a  
great chain wiþ which she was ibounden, and bound

to his ruge ba twa his honden þat him eoc euch neil t  
blakede of þe blode ant hef him up ant dufte him adun

<sup>1</sup> MS. steorue. ruglunge ant stod up on þe storne<sup>1</sup> t nom hire ahne bondes  
t bigon to beaten þen belial of helle. ant he to rar in reow-  
liche ant te ȝuren ant te ȝeien. t heo leide swa luðerliche  
þat wa wef him onlieue.

**A** Mi lefdi lef me iuliane euening wið apostel patriar-  
chen ilich. ant leof wið þe martirs englene ifere  
ant arcanglene freond friðe me ane hwile ich halsi þe  
ogodes half. t on his fune rode. þat we so muchel  
dredeð. t oþe pine ant te deð þat he droh for mon milce  
ant merce wummon haue of mi wrechedom. Stew þe  
storne of helle quoð þe edie meiden nis na merci wið  
þe for þi ne ahestu nan habben. ah sei me swiðe mare of  
þe wa þat tu hauest mid woh iwright monne. lefdi lef me  
ant hald þine edie honden ich habbe i-blend men ant  
\*[Leaf 64, back.] ibroken ham þe schonken t te schuldren \*baðen. ifur  
iwarpen ant iwater. ant hare ahne blake blod to spitten  
ant te speowen ant te an to fleon þat oðer ant hongin him

both his hands behind him ; then she thrusts him down and stands over him, beating him with her chains.  
He beseeches her to leave him.

to his back both his two hands, so that him ached each nail, and grew black from the blood ; and she raised him up and dashed him down backwards, and stood upon the stern one, and took her own bonds, and began to beat the Belial of hell. And he (began) to roar ruefully, and to yell and to cry out ; and she laid on so sorely that woe was him alive (*i.e.* his life was a misery).

“O my lady, leave me, Juliania, equal of apostle, like to patriarchs, and dear to the martyrs, companion of angels and friend of archangels, spare me a while, I entreat thee on Gods behalf, and by his Sons cross that we so much dread, and by the suffering and the death that he endured for man ; woman, have compassion and mercy on my misery.” “Stop thee, stern one of hell,” quoth the blessed maiden ; “there is no mercy with thee, therefore thou hast oughtest thou to have none ; but tell me quickly more of the woe that thou hast with wrong wrought upon man.” “Lady, leave me and hold off thy blessed hands. I have blinded men, and broken their shanks and shoulders both, cast them into fire and water, and (made them) to spit and to spew their own black blood, and one to flee the other and hang him-

“Stop, stern one of hell, tell me more of the woe thou hast wrought.”  
“I have blinded men and broken their shanks, cast them into fire and water,

bihinden his rug ba twa his honden. þat him wrong euch  
neil t blakede of þe blode. t duste him ruglunge adun riht  
to þer eorðe. t stondinde o þe steorue nom hire ahne  
bondef t bigon to beaten þen belial of helle. t he to rarin  
reowliche. to ȝuren ant to ȝein. t heo leide on se luðer-  
liche þet wa wæs him o liue.

[O] mi leafdi Juliene quoð he. þu<sup>1</sup> euening wið apostel.<sup>1</sup> MS. þā added  
above the line.  
patriarchen ilich. t leof wið alle martyrs. englene  
feolahe: t archanlene freonð friðe \*ane hwhile ich halfi  
þe o godes half. t on his sune rode. þat we se muchel  
þredeð. t o þe pine t o þe deað. þat he droh for moncun  
milce haue t merci wummon of mi wrechedom.

[S]tew þe steorue of helle. quoð þat eadie meiden,  
merci nan nis wið þe. for þi ne ahest tu nan  
milce to ifinden. Ah sei me fwiðe. mare of þe wa þat tu  
hauest t of woh iwrath mon. leafdi leaf þe hwile. t hald  
þine eadi honden. Ich habbe iblend men t ibroken ham  
þe schuldren. t te schonken. i fur iwarpen ham t i water.  
t hare ahne blod ich habbe ofte imaket ham to spitten  
t to speowen. t te an to sclein þen oþer. t ahon him

behind his back boð his two hands, þat every nail wrung,  
till it turned black wið þe blood, and she dashed him back-  
wards right down to þe earð, and standing on þe savage  
took her own bonds, and began to beat þe belial of hell.  
He began to roar ruefully, to yell and to cry, and she  
laid on him so heavily þat he was tired of life.

"O my lady Juliana," quoð he, "þou equal to apostles, like to patriarchs, and as dear as all martyrs, fellow of angels and friend of archangels, give me rest for a moment, I entreat þee in Gods name, and by His Sons rood, which we so much dread, and by þe pain and by þe deað which he suffered for mankind, have milce and mercy, woman, of my wretchedness."

"Stop þee, brute of hell," quoð þat blessed maiden, "here is no mercy wið þee, wherefore þou oughtest to find no mercy. But tell me quickly, more of þe woe and of þe wrong þou hast wrought to man. Lady, quit þe while and hold off þy blessed hands. I have blinded men and broken þeir shoulders and shanks; cast þem into þe fire and into þe water, and have often made þem to spit and to spew þeir own blood, and one to slay anoþer, and to hang þem-

feoluen. Me þu witti wummon hu wultu þat ich endi þe tale þat waxeð áá as ich hit telle. so feole ich habbe ifulet of þeo þat neren nawt iblefset as wel ase ham bihouede. þat ne mahte hit na mon rikenin ne tellen. of al þat uuel iþe world hwet wultu wurse ich am an of þe sprunges! þat hit mest of springeð. ant never ear þen nu nef ich þus ihondlet. O? þu mihti. oþu meiðhad hu þu art iweþnet to weorren awei! æsin us. yet tu wurchest us wurst as þu euer dudeſt. of alle þat us wa doð ah we schulen fechen efter wrake on alle þat we biwiteð þat ne schulen ha beon ſker of ure weorre. we wulleð meidnes áá mare henen ant hatien. ant þah an etſterte us! tene schulen etſtunten. O? ihesu godeſ fune þat hauest ifet in heh feotel meidenſ mihte hire to muchele menſke! wa wurchestu us þer wið. ant al to wel þu witeſt ham þat treowlich habbeð hire in heorte to halden ȝef ha milde ant meeke beoð ah af meiden ah te beonne. wið þat! þe unwiht ȝurde þat monie weren awundret hwet te ȝuring mahte beon.

and defiled many  
who were not  
marked aright  
with the cross.

O thou mighty  
maidenhood!  
how art thou  
weaponed to  
war against us!"

The devil begins  
to yell.

self. But thou, witty woman, how wilt thou that I end the tale that waxeth ever as I tell it? So many have I fouled of those that were not blessed (with the sign of the cross) as well as it behoved them, that no man could reckon or tell it. Of all the evil in the world (what wilt thou worse?), I am one of the springs, which it springs from most. And never before now was I handled thus. O thou mighty one! O thou maidenhood, how art thou weaponed to war, alas! against us! Yet thou workest us worst, as thou ever didſt, of all that cause us woe; but we shall seek after vengeance on all that we guard, so that they shall not be quit of our war; we will maidens evermore humble and hate; and though one start away from us, ten shall stand to us. O Jesus, Gods Son, who hast set on high throne a maidens might to her great honour, woe workest thou us therewith, and all too well thou protestest them that truly have her to hold in heart, if they be mild and meek, as a maiden ought to be." With that the evil being yelled so, that many wondered what the yelling could be.

feoluen. Me witti wummon. hu wult tu þat ich endi  
 þe. þe tale þe waxeð aa af ich telle. Se feole ich  
 habbe i-fulet of þeo þe neren iblesfet nawt fe wel af  
 ham bihofde; þat ne mahte hit na mon rikenin ne  
 reden. of al þat uuel iþe world. hwet wult tu wurse.  
 ich am of þe sprunges. þe an þat hit meast of springeð.  
 ne neauer adet tis dei nef ich þus ihondlet. O þe mihte  
 of meiðhad af þu art iwepnet to weorrin a þein us. þet  
 tu wurchest us wurst of al þat us wa deð af þu dudeſt <sup>so MS.</sup>  
 eaure. Ah we schule sechen efter wrake on alle þeo þat  
 te biwiteð. ne ne schulen ha neauer beo sker of ure weorre.  
 we wulleð meideneſ a mare heanen <sup>\*t</sup> heatien <sup>\*t</sup> þah monie     •[Fol. 50b.]  
 etſterten us summe schulen ſtutten. O ihæſu godeſ fune.  
 þe haueſt þin hehe ſeotel o meiðhadeſ mihte. hire to  
 muſche menske. wa wurchest tu us þer wið. to wel þu witeſt  
 ham þe treowliche habbeð hire in heorte forte halden.  
 þef ha milde <sup>t</sup> meeke beon. af meiden deh to beonne. wið  
 þat he þis heſde iſeid; bigon ſwa te þuren þat monie weren  
 awundret. hwet tet þur were.

selves. But, witty woman, how wilt þou þat I should  
 end for þee þe tale þat ever groweð as I tell it? so  
 many have I fouled of þem þat were not so well bleſt  
 wiþ þe sign of þe cross as þey should have been, þat  
 no man might reckon nor count þem. I am one of þe  
 springs of all þe evil in þe world, (what wilt þou worse?)  
 from whom it most springeð, and never till þis day was  
 I so handled. O þe might of maidenhood, as þou art  
 iweaponed to war againſt us! Yet þou treatest us worst  
 of all þat do us woe, as þou ever didſt. But we shall  
 seek after revenge on all þem þat protect þee, nor shall  
 þey ever be clear of our war. Maidens even more we  
 will humble and hate, and though many ſtarṭ away from  
 us, some ſhall stand to us. O Jesu, Son of God! who  
 hast þy high throne in maidenhooðs might, to þeir great  
 honour: woe þou workest us þereby: too well þou  
 guardest þem who truly keep þee to hold þee in þeir  
 hearts, if þey be mild and meek, as a maiden ought to  
 be." Hereupon, having þus ſaid, he began ſo to yell, þat  
 many were in wonder what þat cry could be.

He professes  
nuns to be his  
most potent ad-  
versaries.

**P**A het þe reue swiðe bringen biuoren him ȝef ha  
 •[Leaf 65.] þe ȝet liuede ant heo forð ant fun\*den hire. ant  
 of þat grīliche! swiðe agrisen weren ledden hire þah forð  
 ant heo lec efter hire þen ladliche of helle holhninde  
 ȝorne. Mi lefdi iuliane ne make þu me nawt men to  
 huting ant to hokere. for inoh wa me if. þah þu ne do me  
 na mare. Mi feder ich habbe iloren þat neuer mare  
 heonne forð! ne dar ich cumen biuoren him. lefdi quoð  
 he lef me ogodes half ich halfi þe. ne beoð cristene  
 men ȝef hit soð if þat me seið merciable ant milzful  
 ant tu art buten reowðe haue merci of me for þi lau-  
 erdes luue þi luffsume leofmon lefdi ich þe bidde Ant  
 heo leac him efter hire endelong þe cheping chepmenne  
 huting. ant heo leiden him to summe wið flan summe  
 wið ban. ¶ fletten him wið hundes ant leiden to wið  
 honden af he wes imaket þus armeſt alre þinge. ¶ iberde  
 af ful wiht: þat ter fluhen monie. fwa þat te edie meiden

Juliana is  
brought before  
the reeve, and  
draws the  
loathly one after  
her.

He beseeches her  
to let him go;

but she pulls him  
along the market.

Then ordered the reeve quickly to bring (her) before him, if she still were living. And they (went) forth and found her, and of that grisly one were much terrified, yet they led her forth, and she lugged after her the loathly one of hell, flattering earnestly: “ My lady Juliana, make me not a hooting and a scorn unto men, for enough woe I have, though thou do me no more. My father I have lost so that nevermore henceforth dare I come before him. Lady,” quoth he, “ leave me, for Gods sake; I entreat thee. Are not Christian men, if it is true that is said, merciful and pitiful? and thou art without ruth. Have mercy on me for thy Lords love, thy lovesome leman, lady, I pray thee.” And she tugged him after her along the market, a hooting of chapmen; and they laid on him, some with stone, some with bone, and slit him with hounds, and laid on him with hands. When he was thus made most wretched of all things, and behaved as a foul wight, so that many fled, so that the blessed maiden

[E]leufius þe rete het lokin þef ha liuede. ⁊ brugen  
 hire biuoren him. þef ha were oлиue. Heo þe weren  
 ihaten forð ⁊ funden hire þus. ⁊ of þat grisliche gra weren  
 a-grisen fwiðe. leadden hire þah forð. ⁊ heo leac eauer  
 efter hire þen laddliche of helle þat olhnede fwiðe. ⁊ bed  
 tuf ⁊ bisohte. mi leoue leafdi Juliene ne make þu me nawt  
 men to hutung ne to hokere. þu hauest ido me wa inoh  
 þah þu ne do me wurfe. Ich habbe wumme forloren mi  
 leoue feaderef freontschipe. Ne neauer mare her on uten  
 ne der ich cumen biuoren him. Mihti meiden leaf me o  
 godeſ half ich halfi þe. þe beoð cristen men. þef hit if  
 soð þat me seið. merciable ⁊ milȝfule. ⁊ tu art bute  
 reowðe. Haue merci of me for þe lauerdef luue. ji luue-  
 wurðe leofmon leafdi i þe bidde. ⁊ heo leac him eauer  
 endelong þe cheping chapmen<sup>1</sup> to huting. ⁊ heo leiden to <sup>1</sup>chapmen, MS.  
 him sum wið \*stan. sum wið ban. ⁊ sleatten on him hundes. [Fol. 51.]  
 ant leiden to wið honden.

[A]s he wes imaket tus earmest alre þinge ⁊ berde af þe  
 ful wiht þat ter flue monie. se þat eadi wummon

Eleusius, þe prefect, bid his men see if she yet lived, and bring her before him if she were alive. þey þat were bidden set forð and found her þus, and were much terrified by þat grisly wolf: yet þey led her forð, and she lugged ever behind her þe loaðly one from hell, which flattered much and þus begged and besought; “My dear lady, Juliana, make me not a hooting and contempt to men: þou hast done me woe enough, though þou do me no worse. I have, woe is me, lost my dear fabers friendship; nor ever henceforð dare I come before him. Mighty maiden, let me go on Gods behalf I beseech þee. Ye are Christian men, if it is true þat men say, merciful and kind; yet þou are wiþout ruð. Have mercy on me for þe Lords love, þy loveworðy leman, lady, I þee pray.” Yet she pulled him ever along, for þe cheaping chapmen to hoot at, and þey laid on him, some wiþ stone, and some wiþ bone, and slot hounds at him, and laid on him wiþ þeir hands.

When he was made þus most miserable of all þings and gave voice like þe foul one, so þat many fled, þat blessed woman She flings away her imp.

wergedē sum hwet ant reat him mitte raketehe unrudeliche  
 swiðe t̄ warp him forð after þet from hire into a put of fulðe.  
 Com baldeliche forð biuoren þene reue af he set on his dom  
 feotel. hire nebscheft schininde al af schene af þe funne þe  
 reue af he sef þif þuhte mucbe wunder ant \*bigon to seggen.  
 •[Leaf 65, back.] Juliane þe edie sei me ant beo soð cnawes hwer weren þe  
 itaht þine wichecreftes þat tu ne tellest na tale of nanes  
 cunnes tintreō ne ne dredest na deð ne nane cwke<sup>1</sup> deoulen.

<sup>1</sup> So in MS.

**H**ER me heðene hund quod þe edie meiden ich  
 heie ant herie godf feder ant his fulliche fune  
 iefu crift hatte t̄ te hali gaſt. godf af þe oðer þeo ant  
 nawt þeo godes ah if an euer ihwer untwemet. he þe  
 kingene king helle bule haueð ouercumen te dei belial  
 baldest of helle. t̄ þi fire fathan þat tu leuest uppon ant  
 for feder haldest ant af on lauerd leuest ant his heste  
 forðest ant wel bicumeð to donne ant semeð to beon  
 fwuch streon: of awlch strunðe ant euer beo acurset  
 colt of fwuch cunde. ah þe mihti godf þat ich a  
 munne he fende me mihte t̄ mein from þe heouene

She comes boldly before the reeve on his judgment-seat. He asks her where she learnt her witchcrafts.

grew somewhat weary, and pulled him with the chain with immense swiftness, and cast him forth after that from her into a pit of filth. Came boldly forth before the reeve, as he sat on his judgment-seat, with her face all shining, as bright as the sun. To the reeve, as he saw this, it seemed a great wonder, and he began to say, "Juliana the blessed, tell me and be a true informant, where were thy witchcrafts taught thee that thou makest no account of torment of any kind, nor dreadest any death, nor any living devils?"

"Hear me, heathen hound; I extol and praise God the Father and his wondrous Son, called Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, God as the other; three, but not three Gods, but is one ever everywhere undivided; he, the king of kings, hath overcome to-day a bull of hell, Belial, boldest of hell, and thy sire Satan that thou believest on and holdest for father, and believest on as lord, and performest his behest, and well it becomes (thee) to do; and beseems to be such a progeny of such a race. And ever be accurst colt of such a kind (birth). But the mighty God whom I ever remember, may he send me might and main from heaven

wergedē sumhwet. ⁊ reat hit wið þe raketehe vnrudeliche swiðe. ⁊ weorp him forð from hire awei into a put of fulðe. com baldeliche forð biuore þe reue af he set on his dom seotle schiminde hire nebscheaft schene af þe sunne. þe reue þa he seh hire. þuhte muche fullich ⁊ bigon to seggen. Juliene sei me ⁊ beo soð cnawef. hwer were þe itaht þeofe wicche crefes. þat tu ne telest na tale of nanes cunnes tintreoho. ne ne dredest nowðer deað ne cwike deoflen.

[H]er me heaðene hund quoð þat eadi meiden. Ich heie ⁊ herie godf feader. ⁊ hif fulliche fune ihesu crift hatte ⁊ te hali gaſt. godf af þe oþre þreo. ⁊ nawt þreo godeſ. Ah if eauer an. ⁊ ihwer untweamet. He kempene king haueð to dei, ouercumen helles bule belial baldest of alle. ⁊ ti ſire fathanas þat tu leuest up on. ⁊ ti feader hateſt. ⁊ his heaſte forðeſt. ⁊ wel bi ſemeð þe to beon. ⁊ bikimeð to beo ſtreon of a fwuch ſtrunde. Ah eauer beo acurſet colt of fwuch cunde. þe mihti mildfulē godf þat ich aa munne. þef me mihte of heo\*ueſe

\*[fol. 51b.]

grew somewhat weary, and pulled him wiþ þe chain very rudely and flung him forð away from her into a pit of filð. Boldly she came before þe prefect as he sat on his tribunal, wiþ her face shimmering sheen as þe sun. To þe prefect when he saw her it seemed very strange, and he began to say: "Juliana, tell me, and be a true informant; where were gotten for þee þese witchcrafts? þat þou makeſt no account of any kind of torture, and dreadest neijer deað nor living devils."

"Hear me, heaðen hound," quoð þat blessed maiden. Juliana addresses the prefect in terms impolite. "I glorify and praise God þe Faſer, and his wondrous Son, Jesus Christ by name, and þe Holy Ghost, God as þe oþers. Dree but not þree Gods, but always One and every way indivisible. He, þe King of Sabaoð, hað to day overcome a bull of hell, Belial, boldest of hell, and þy ſire, Satan, on whom þou believest, and whom þou calleſt þy faſer, whose heſt þou performest; and well it beseemeð and becomeð þee to be begotten of such a race. But ever be accursed, colt of such a strain, þe mighty mild God, whom I ever remember, gave me power from heaven,

me forto helpen ant him forto herien. ant þe forte schenden ant tu þat schucke art! schucken herien ant heien. weilawai! as þu were iboren wrecche owraðer time. þat ti sawle 't ji fari gaſt ſchal wið þe ſchucke pleiferen pleien in helle. Reue areow þe feoluen unseli mon bifih þe hei godd ant her me. crift if so milzful þat he walde bliðeliche alle monne heale. ah hwa fe obote nule gan! ne ſchal he beon iborhen. þe quod he haldestu þet uppon ji gencling. wenestu þat we beon \*so eð to biwihelen ah we ſchulen nu iſeon hu þe ſchulen futeleñ þine wichecreftes. 't witen þe ant werien. 't lette owoðe wife a fwiðe wunderfule hweol meten ant makien 't þurh ſpitē hit al ſpaken ant uelien 't þreuald þicke mid irnene gadien. kene te keoruen al þat ha rineð to af neil eniueſ. þat axtreo ſtod iſtraht on twa half in te twa ſtanene poſtles. þat hit af hit turnde ne ouer teoc nowðer abuuuen ne bineoðen to þer eorðe. grisen him mahan þet fehen hu hit grond in hwet ſo hit rahte

"Alas! that thou wert born, for thy soul shall be away! since thou wert born, wretch, in evil time, that thy soul and thy sorry ghost shall play with the devils playfellows in hell."

"Yea," quoth he, "holdest thou still to thy jangling? Supposest thou that we are so easy to deceive? But we shall now see how thy witchcrafts shall manifest thee, and protect and defend thee." And on a mad wise he caused

A wonderful wheel is made, spiked with iron goads, keen to carve all that they touch.

a very wonderful wheel to be measured and made, and all spitted through, spokes and fellies, and threefold thick, with iron goads, keen to carve all that they touch, as nailknives. The axletree stood stretched on two sides into two stone posts, so that, as it turned, it ran neither above, nor beneath to the earth. They might be horror-stricken who saw how it ground in whatsoever it reached.

him forte hearmin. ⁊ te forte schenden. ⁊ makien to scheomien. þat schalt swucche shukan. heien ⁊ herien. weila af þu were iboren wrecche owraðe time. þat ti fari sawle. ⁊ ti forhfule gaſt ſchal wið fwucche ploiueren pleien in helle. Reeue areow þe feoluuen. Vnseli mon biſih þe. hei godd ⁊ her me. ihesu if fe milȝful þat he walde bliðeliche heouenes heale to alle. Ah hwa fe obote ne geað ne ſchal he beon i borhen.

[3] e quoð eleufius haldest tu ſetten up o þi þuhelunge:  
 [3] weneſt tu þat we beon ſe eð to biwihelin. Ah we ſchulen iſeo nu: for hit ſchal ſone futelin hu þi wiſecreft ſchal wite þe. ⁊ werien. ⁊ lette o wodiwife a ſwiðe wunderlich hweol meten. ⁊ makien ant þurh ſpitien hit al wið ſpaken ⁊ felien þicke ⁊ þrofalt wið irnene gadien. kene to keoruen. al þat ha riñen to; aſe neil eniues. ⁊ ſtod þe axtree iſtraht o twa half in to ſtanene poſtles. þat hit. al hit turnde ne ouer toke nohwer bineoðen to þer eorðe. grifien him mahte þat ſehe hu hit gront in to hwet ſe hit of rahte.

him to harm and þee to disgrace, and bring to shame; þou þat art þyſelf devil to praise and glorify devils. Well away! ſince þou wert born, wretch, in time of wrað, þat þy ſorry ſowl and þy ſorrowful ghost ſhall wiþ ſuch playfellows play in hell. Reeve, berue þyſelf. Unſeely man, regard þe High God, and hear me, Jesu is ſo merciful þat he would gladly give heavens salvation to all: but whoſoever will not proceed to repen‐tance, he ſhall not be protected."

"Yea," quoð Eleufius, "dost þou hold ſtill to þy cuckoo cry? Weneſt þou þat we are ſo easy to deceiver? But we ſhall ſee now; for it ſhall ſoon be plain, how þy wiſecreft ſhall protect and ward þee." And in a frantic manner he had a wonderful wheel designed and conſtructed, and ſpitted all þrough wiþ ſpokes and fellies, ſick and þreefold, and wiþ iron goads keen to cut all þat þey touched like nail knives (*now penknives*): and þe axletree stood ſtretched on its two ſides into ſtone poſts, ſo þat, as it turned, it overreached nowhere beneað to þe earð. One might be filled wiþ horror, who ſaw it how it ground into whatſoever it reached.

Eleufius holds  
her to be dealing  
in wiſecreft,

and constructs  
a new engine of  
torment.

ant me brohte hire forð af belialef budel het ant bunden  
 hire þerto harde t̄ hetefeste. ant dude on eiðer half fore of  
 his cnihtes. forte turnen þat hweol on þe edie meiden. wið  
 hondlen imaket þron so swiðe af ha mahten. þe reue het  
 on liue ant oleomen swingen hit swiftliche abuten ant  
 tidliche turnen. t̄ heo af þe feond sputte ham te don hit.

<sup>1</sup> MS. unswar- duden hit unsparlich.<sup>1</sup> þat ha bigon te breoken al af þat  
 lich. iftelet irn: to limede hire ant te leac lið ba ant lire. bursten  
 hire banef t̄ þat meari weol ut: imenget wið blode. þer  
 ha mahten far ifeon alle þat ter feten t̄ abuten weren.

**A**S ha ȝeide to godd ant walde aȝeuen hire gaft into  
 hif honden so þer lihtinde com an engel of heouene.  
 t̄ reat to þat hweol. fwa þat hit al to refde t̄ bursten hire  
 bondes t̄ breken alle clane ant heo af fichef al af þah ha  
 \*[Leaf 66, back.] nefde hurtes \*nowher ifelet. feng þus to þonken godd wið  
 honden upaheuene.

And she was brought forth, as Belials beadle bad, and  
 Julianas is bound they bound her thereto hard and fast. And he set on  
 to the wheel by either side four of his servants to turn the wheel upon  
 order of the reeve; and his the blessed maiden, with handles made thereon, as quickly  
 men turn it upon her, so that she as they could. The reeve bad (them) swing it swiftly  
 is cut to pieces, both flesh and round upon life and limbs, and rapidly turn it. And they,  
 as the fiend spurred them to do it, did it unsparingly, so  
 that she began altogether to break, as the steeled iron  
 limbed her to pieces, and rent both joint and flesh; her  
 bones burst, and the marrow welled out, mingled with  
 blood. There they might see sorrow, all those that sat  
 there and were around.

An angel comes down from heaven and destroys the wheel; Julianas is made whole as a fish. As she cried out to God and was about to give up her ghost into his hands, there came alighting an angel from heaven, and reached out to the wheel, so that it all rove asunder, and her bands burst and broke all clean; and she, whole as a fish, as though she hurts had nowhere felt, began thus to thank God with hands uplifted:—

[M]e brohte hire uorð af beliales budel bet t' bunden  
 hire þerto hearde t' heteueste. he dude on eiðer  
 half hire. fowre of hisc cnihtes. forte turnen þat hweol  
 wið hondlen imaket þron o þat eadi \*meiden se swiðe af  
 ha mahten. t' het olif. t' oleomen swingen hit swiftliche.  
 t' turnen hit abuten. t' heo af þe deouel spurede ham to  
 donne. duden hit unsparliche. þat ha bigon to broken al af  
 þat isteledi irn strac hire in. ouer al. t' from þe top to  
 þe tan. aa af hit turnde. to limede hire t' to leac lið ba t'  
 lire. bursten hire banef. t' þat meari bearst ut imenget wið  
 þe blode. þer me mahte ifeson alre forhene meast þe iþat  
 stude stode.

[A]f ha ȝeide to godd. t' walde aȝeouen hire gaſt in to  
 his honden; se þer lihtinde com an engel of  
 heouene. t' reat to þet hweol fwa þat hit al to reafde. bursten  
 hire bondes: t' breken alle clane. t' heo ase fischtal af þah  
 ha nefde nohwer hurtel ifelet. feng to þonki þus godd wið  
 honden up aheuene.

She was fetched forð, as belials beadle bad, and þey bound her to þis hard and fast. He set on eiðer side of her four of his servants to turn þat wheel, wið handles fixed þereon, upon þat blessed maiden, as strongly as þey could, and bad þem whirl it swiftly upon life and limbs, and turn it about. And þey as þe devil spurred þem to do, did it unsparingly: so þat þey began to break her into fragments as þat steeled iron found its way into her; all over, from þe top to þe toes. Ever as it turned, it tore her limb from limb, and broke boð her joints and her flesh. Her bones cracked, and þe marrow burst out all mingled wið blood; þere men þat stood in þat place might see þe greatest of all sorrows.

As she cried to God and would surrender her spirit into his hands, þere came all lightening an angel from heaven, and reached out to þat wheel so þat it fell all to pieces: her bands broke, and flew clean to pieces, and she, as sound as a fish, as þough she had nowhere felt any hurts, began to þank God þus wið hands upraised:—

**D**Rihtin undedlich an god al mihti al oðer unilich heouene wruhte ant eorðef ant alle iwrahe þinges þe ich þoncki to dei alle þine deden. þu makedest mon of lame. ant ȝeue liuiende gaſt ilich to þe feoluen t settest for his sake al þat if on eorðe. ah he for gulte him anan þurh eggunge of eue t weſ iput ut fone of paraifel prude t weox swa his team þat ne mahte hit namon tellen. anit funegede swa swiðe þat tu hit forſenchteſt al in noef flode. buten ahte þat tu friðeſeft. þu chure foððen iþe alde lahe abráám. ifahac. t his children ȝeue to iosep þe weſ ȝungeſt hap in pharaones halle. longe þrefter þu leddeſt moyſen þurh þat tu muſe luuedeſt buten brugge ant bat þurh þe reade ſea ant his cunreden t feddeſtam fowrti ȝer iþe wildernesſe wið heouenliſh fode t wurpe under hare fet hare fan alle t broheteſt into þat lond þet tu ham bihete. þer weſ bi ſamueleſ dei ſaul þe forme king kempene kenef. in an weorre þer he weſ þu dudefteſt in þen

"Almighty God,  
who madest  
man of clay, and  
gavest him a  
living spirit,

"Lord immortal, one God Almighty, all others unlike, wright (maker) of heaven and of earth, and all wrought (created) things, I thank thee to-day of all thy deeds. Thou madest man of loam (clay), and gavest him a living spirit, like to thyself, and settest for his sake all that is in earth. But he made himself guilty anon through instigation of Eve, and was soon put out from Paradises pride; and his progeny grew so that no man could count it, and sinned so greatly that thou sankest it all in Noahs flood, except eight whom thou sparedſt. Thou choseſt afterwards, in the old law, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and his children ; gavest to Joseph, who was youngest, hap in Pharaohs hall. Long after that thou leddeſt Moses, whom thou much lovedſt, without bridge and boat, through the Red Sea, and his kindred ; and feddeſt them forty years in the wilderness with heavenly food, and castedſt under their feet all their foes, and broughteſt them into the land that thou promisedſt them. There

thou choseſt  
Abraham,  
Isaac, and Jacob;

thou leddeſt  
Moses and his  
people through  
the Red Sea  
without bridge  
or boat;

in Samuels day  
thou gavest

was in Samuels day Saul the first king, boldeſt of warriors. In a war wherein he was, thou gavest the

[D] Rihtin undeaðlich. an godd. almihti alle oþre un-  
lich. heouene wruhte. ⁊ eorðes. ⁊ alle iwrhaute  
þinges þe ich þonki to dei alle þine deden. þu makedest mon  
of lame. ⁊ ȝeue him liuiende þaft ilich to þe seoluen. ⁊ settest  
for his sake al þat iþe worlt if. Ah he forgulte him anan  
þurh þe eggunge of eue. ⁊ wes iput sone ut of paraise  
selhðen. weox swa his team her. ne mahte hit na mon  
tellen. Ah swa swiðe hit funegede. þat tu hit forsenctest  
al in noeef flod bute eahte þat tu friðedest. þu chure  
\*feoððen iþe alde lahe abraham. ⁊ isaac. Jacob ⁊ his  
children. ⁊ ȝeue to ioseph. þat wes þe ȝungeste hap  
ipharaones halle. longe þer after þu leddest þurh moysef  
þat tu se muchel luuedest. bute brugge ⁊ bat. þurh þe  
reade sea al his cunredden þear af al pharaones forde for-  
drencte. ⁊ feddest ham fowrti ȝer iþe wilderness. wið  
heouenliche fode. ⁊ wurpe under hare uet. hare fan alle.  
⁊ brohtest ham þurh iosue. into ierusalem lond þat tu  
ham bihete. þer wes i Samuelef dei. Saul þe forme King  
kempene icorenest. In an weorre af he wes. þu dudeft i þe

\*[Fol. 52b.]

"Lord Immortal, One God, Almighty, unlike all other,  
wright (*demiurgus*) of heaven and of earð and of all  
created þings, þee I þank to day for all þy deeds. You  
madest man of clay and gavest him a living spirit like  
þyself, and settest for his sake all þat is in þe world. But  
he ruined himself by guilt anon þrough þe egging on of  
Eve, and was soon put out of þe joys of paradise. His  
progeny grew so þat no man could count it; but it sinned  
so much þat þou sankest it all in Noahs flood except  
eight persons whom þou sparedst. Afterwards þou chose  
under þe old dispensation Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and  
his children, and gave to Josef, who was þe youngest,  
good luck in Farachs hall. Long after þat þou leddest  
by Moses, whom þou so much lovedst, wiþout bridge or  
boat, þrough þe Red Sea all his kindred, where all  
Farachs army was drowned; and þou feddest em forty  
years in þe wilderness wiþ heavenly food, and cast under  
þeir feet all þeir foes, and broughtest em by Joshua into  
Jerusalems land, which þou promisedst þem. þere in  
time of Samuel was Saul þe first king, most approved of  
warriors; in a war he was engaged in, þou grantedst to þe

Juliana makes  
an oration, sum-  
ming up the Old  
and New Testa-  
ments.

lutle dauið þe felhe þat he floh him wið a stan to  
deaðe. þene stronge gulie ant reddest him to rixlen  
in sawmuelis riche þus þu makest milde alle þeo muchele  
þat makeð ham meoke ant þeo þet heieð ham her leift  
ham swiðe lahe. þer \*after þa þe þuhte iþoncket beo hit  
þe. lihtest hider of heouenlich leomen t nome blod t ban  
iþe mere meiden ant were in bethlehem iboren moncun to  
heale ant to þe hirden schawdesfe : þat te engel to þe  
tahten ant of þe þeo kinges were kinewurðliche iwurget.  
weoxe ant wrahtest wundres. ah her þu were ioffret t wið  
lake alefet ant iflum iurdan of sein iuhan ifulhet. þu  
heldest al unheale ant deade of deaðe. alast af þe biluuede.  
þu lettest an of þe tweolue þat tu icoren hefdest chepin þe  
ant fullen. ant þoledest pinen ant passiun þurh giwes read  
on rode. deideft t were idon dead in þruh of stane ant

<sup>1</sup> MS. sprup-test.

þine icorne t stihe abuuen þe steorren to þe heste heouene  
ant cumest king odomes dei. to demen cwide [t] deade.

David the victory over the great Goliah

Thou wert born in Bethlehem and royally honoured by the three kings; baptiz'd in Jordan by St. John, sold by one of thy chosen, crucified by the Jews, and laid in a grave of stone.

Thou rokest again and ascendedst above the stars, whence thou shalt come as judge of quick and dead.

little David the happiness to slay to death with a stone the strong Goliah, and appointedst him to rule in Samuels kingdom. Thus thou, Mild (God), makest great all they that make themselves meek, and those that exalt themselves here, thou layest them very low. Afterwards, when it seemed good to thee, thanks be to thee for it, thou descendedst hither from heavenly beams, and tookest blood and bone in the tender maiden, and wert born in Bethlehem for salvation of mankind, and showest thyself to the shepherds whom the angel taught about thee, and by the three kings wert royally honoured. Grewest and wroughtest wonders, but here thou wert offered and redeemed with a gift, and baptiz'd in the river Jordan by St. John. Thou healedst all unhealth and (raisedst) the dead from death. At last, when it pleased thee, thou lettest one of the twelve that thou hadst chosen barter thee and sell thee, and sufferedst pains and passion, through Jews counsel, on the cross; diedst and wert laid dead in a grave of stone, and descendedst and striptest hell; arosest and madest known thy resurrection to thy chosen, and ascendedst above the stars to the highest heaven; and wilt come, as king, on doomsday to judge quick and dead.

lutle dauið þe felhðe. þat he flong t of sloh wið a stan to  
deaðe þe stronge Golie. t readdest him to rixlen ifaules  
riche. þus þu makest milde godd alle þeo muchele; þe  
makieð ham meoke. t þeo þe heið ham her: leift swiðe  
lahe. þrefter þo þe þuhte iþonket hit beo þe. lihtest hider  
to us of heouenliche leomen. t nome blod t ban i þat  
meare meiden. t were i beðleem iboren moncun to heale.  
t to þe hirden schawdest te þat te engles to þe tahten t  
of þe þreo kinges were kinewurdliche iwurget. weoxe t  
wrahtest wundres. Ah ear þu were i offret t wið lac  
aleset. t i iordanes flum of sein iuhan ifulhet; þu healdest  
alle unhale. t te deade. of deaðe. Aleast af þe biluuede  
letteſt an of \*þe tweolue þat tu hefdeſt icoren. chapi þe. t  
fullen. t þoledest pine. t passiun. þurh giwef read o rode.  
deideſt. t were idon dead. i þruh of stane. stepe adun. t  
struptest. t herhedest helle. Arife. t þin ariste cuddest  
pine icorene. t stuhe abuu þe stenorren in to þe heſte heou-  
uene. t kimeſt king o domesdei. to deme ewike. t deade.

\*[Fol. 53.]

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little David þe happiness to sling and slay wiþ a stone  
to deaðe þe strong Goliah, and appointedst him to rule in  
Sauls kingdom. þus, Mild God, þou makest all þose þat  
make much of þemselves meek, and layst very low þose  
who exalt þemselves here. After þis as it seemed good  
to þe, þanks be done to þee for it, þou descendedst hiþer  
to us from heavenly light, and took blood and bone in  
þat tender maiden, and wert born in Beðlehem for man-  
kinds salvation, and shewedst þyself to þe shepherds,  
whom þe angels instructed about þee, and wert royally  
honoured by þe three kings (*of þe East*). Grew and  
wroughtst wonders. But before þat þou wert offered (*in*  
*þe temple*) and redeemed wiþ a gift and baptized by Saint  
John in Jordans stream. þou healdest all infirm and raised  
þe dead from deaðe who believed on þee. þou permittedst  
one of þe twelve þat þou hadst chosen, to sell þee and make  
traffic of þee, and sufferedst pain and passion on þe cross by  
þe device of þe Jews; diedst and wert put dead into a coffin  
of stone; descendedst and strippedst and harrowedst hell;  
arose and madest known þy resurrection to þy chosen and  
ascendedst above þe stars into þe highest heaven; and  
shalt come, as king, on doomsday to judge quick and dead.

þu art hope of heale. ant þu art rihtwise weole. t funfule  
 salue. þu art an þat al maht ant nult nawt bute riht.  
 iblefset beo þu euer. þe ah euer euch þing to herien ant to  
 heien. t ich do deore drihtin. þin an meiden þat am. t  
 luuie to leouemon liuiende lauerd. þu hauest for me swa  
 muche iwrath wiðuten min offeruunge. beo nu blissful  
 godd wið me. t were me wið þef deoules drueles. ant  
 wið alle his cretest. þu wurch swuche wundref for me t  
\*[Leaf 67, back.] for þi deorewurðe nome þat te reue rudni. t \*sheomie wið  
 his schucke ant tu beo iwruget áa wiðuten ende af þu art  
 wurðe from worlde into worlde amen.

**W**ið þif þat ha stutte stoden þe cwelleres ant zeiden  
 lude stefne. Mihti lauerd if þe þat iuliane on leueð.  
 ne nis nan godd buten he we beoð wel icnawen. Reeue us  
 reoweð þat sið þat we so longe habbeð ileuet þine reades. t  
 wenden alle anes weis abuten fif hundret þe stoden ant zeiden  
 alle in ane stefne. luuewurðe wummon we wendeð alle to  
 him þat tu on trufest. Forloren beo þu reue wið false  
 billeue. t iblefset beo ihesu crift mid alle his icorne do þu

Thou art hope of salvation, and thou art weal of the  
 righteous and salve of the sinful. Thou art one who  
 canst do all and wilt do naught but right. Blessed

Blessed be thou ever; thee ought everything to praise and to  
 extol, and I do, dear Lord, who am thy maiden alone,  
 and love thee as leman, living Lord. Thou hast wrought

so much for me without my deserving. Be now with me,  
 blissful God, and defend me against the devils drudges,  
 and against all his crafts. Work thou such wonders for  
 me, and for thy precious name, that the reeve may redder  
 and be ashamed of his devil, and that thou mayst be  
 honoured ever without end, as thou art worthy, from age  
 to age. Amen."

The executioners  
 acknowledge  
 Julianas God,

Hereupon, when she stopped, the executioners stood and  
 cried with loud voice: "Mighty Lord is he on whom  
 Juliana believes, nor is there any God but he, we do indeed  
 acknowledge. Reeve, we rue the course, that we so long  
 have believed thy counsels." And they turned all in one  
 way, about five hundred, who stood and cried all with one  
 voice, "Loveworthy woman, we all turn to him on whom  
 thou trustest. Be thou lost, reeve, with false belief; and  
 blessed be Jesus Christ with all his chosen. Do thou

þu art hope of heale. þu art rihtwises weole. ⁊ funfules salue. þu art an þat al maht. ⁊ nult nawt bute riht. Iblescet beo þu eaure. þe ah eauer euch þing heien ⁊ herien. ⁊ ich do deore drihtin þi meiden an þat ich am. ⁊ luuie þe to leofmon luuewende lauerd. þat hauest se muche for me iwraht. wið ute mine wurðes. Beo mi blisfule god wið me. ⁊ wite me wið þe deoueles driueles. ⁊ wið hare crefes. þurch þet swucche wundres for þi deorewurðe nome. þat te reue rudni ⁊ scheomie wið his schucke. ⁊ tu beo aa iwurget af þu art wurðe wurðmunt from worlde into worlde. Amen wið uten ende.

[W]ið þis af ha stute stoden þe cwelleres. ⁊ ȝeiden lud steuene. Mihti lauerd if þe. þat Juliene on leueð. ne nis na god buten he; we beoð wel icnawen. Reue us reoweð ure sið þat we se longe habbeð ileuet þine readef. ⁊ wenden alle anes weis abute fif hundred þe stoden ⁊ ȝeiden alle in a steuene. luuewurðe wummon. we wendeð alle to þat god. þat tu on trustest. \*forlore beo þu reue wið \*[Fol. 53, back.] false bilaue. ⁊ iblescet beo crift. ⁊ alle his icorene. do

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You art hope of salvation ; you art weal of þe right-wise, and salve of þe sinful, you art one þat art able to do all ; and wilt do noðing but right. Blessed be þou ever : every ȝing ought to exalt and glorify þee, and so do I, dear Lord, þy maiden, alone as I am, and love þee for my leman, Loving Lord, þat hast wrought so much for me wiðout worð of mine. Be, O my Blissful God, wið me and protect me against þe devils drudges, and against þeir crafts, by such wonders still for þy precious name, so þat þe prefect may redden and be ashamed of his devil, and þou mayst be ever worshipped as þou art worðy of worship from age to age wiðout end. Amen."

Hereupon, when she stopped, þere stood þe execu-  
tioners, and cried wið loud voice ; " Mighty Lord is he  
on whom Juliana believeð, nor is þere any God but he,  
we are well assured. Reeve, we are rueful for our  
course, þat we have so long believed þy counsels." And  
þey all turned in one wise, about five hundred who  
stood and cried all wið one voice ; " Loveworðy woman,  
who convertest all to þat God, on whom þou trustest.  
þou wilt be lost for ever, prefect, wið þy false belief ;  
and blessed be Christ and all his elect. Do þou

The executioners  
are converted.

dedlich on us al þat tu don maht. Reue make us  
 ananriht misliche pinen. tend fur. t feche hweol t  
 greiðe hwet so þu const grimliche biþenchen. forðe  
 al þi feder wil þef feondes of helle. to longe he heold  
 us af he halt te ðet. ah we schulen heonne norð halden to  
 iesu godeſ fune moncun aleſent Swa þe reue gromede þat  
 he grispatede aȝein þet wod he walde iwurðen. ant fende  
 o wode wife to maximien þe heh keifer in rome herof hwet  
 he redde. ant he het euan hefdes bikeoruen ant he lette  
 fwa don fif hundret bi tale of weopmen t of wummen an  
 hundred ant þritti. euan biuoren oðer forte beon hefdes  
 bicoruen ant ferdan alle martirs feire to criste. Elewſius  
 lette his men makien a muche fur \*ant bed binden hire  
 baðe fet ant honden ant caſten hire into þe brune þer  
 forto bernen. af ha bisēh uppard. ant seh þene ley leiten.  
 ha lokede to heouene wið honden up aheuene ant þus to  
 criste cleopede wið inwarde bone.

\*[Leaf 88.]

**M**ildheortfule godd milce þi meiden ne leaf þu me

upon us, in deadly wise, all that thou canst do. Reeve,  
 make for us quickly various torments; light a fire, and  
 fetch a wheel, and prepare whatsoever thou canst savagely  
 devise; perform all thy fathers will, the fiend of hell:  
 too long he held us, as he holds thee still. But we shall,

saying they will henceforth hold to Jesus, Gods Son, Redeemer of man-kind." The reeve was so angered, that he gnashed his teeth again, so that he would become mad; and sent on

The reeve is so angered, that he gnashes his teeth. mad wise to Maximianus, the high emperor in Rome, about this, what he would advise; and he bad (him) cut off each ones head. And he had five hundred in number of men served so, and of women a hundred and thirty. Each one (pressed on) before other to be beheaded, and went, all martyrs, fairly to Christ. Eleusius

Eleusius has a great fire made, into which Julian, bound hand and foot, is thrust. She prays caused his men to make a great fire and bad them bind her, both feet and hands, and cast her into the burning, there for to burn. As she looked upward and saw the flame blaze, she looked to heaven with hands uplifted, and thus to Christ called with inward prayer:—

"Mildhearted God, pity thy maiden; leave thou me

nu deadly on us al þat tu do maht. make us reue  
 ananriht misliche pinen ontend fur t feche hweol. greiðe on tentd MS.  
 al þat [þu] const grimliche bijenchen. forðe al þi feaderf  
 wil þef feondef of helle; to longe he heold us af he halt  
 te nuðe. Ah we schulen heonne forð halden to ihesu  
 godef kinewurðe fune moneun alefent. swa þe reue grome-  
 de þat he griftbetede wod he walde iwurðen. t fende o  
 wodi wise forð to maximien. þe mihti caifere of rome  
 her of; hwet he readde. t he ham het euch fot heafdes  
 bikeoruen. fif hundred itald of wepmen t of wimmen an  
 hundred t þritti þrungen echan biuoren oðer forte beo  
 bihefdet t ferden alle martyrs wið murhðe to<sup>1</sup> heouene.

<sup>1</sup> criste crossed  
through.

[E]leusius þe hwile lette his men makien a muche fur  
 mid alle. t bed binden hire swa þe fet t te  
 honden. t keaften hire in to þe brune cwic to forbearnen.  
 Af ha lokede up. t sef þis lei leiten: biheolt toward  
 heouene. wið honden aheuene. t þus to crift cleopede.

[N]e forleaf þu me nawt nu iþis nede lauerd of liue.  
 mildheortfule godd milce me þi meiden. t mid ti

now all deadly *deeds* on us, which þou hast power to  
 do. Contrive for us anon, reeve, various pains; light  
 up a fire; fetch a wheel. Prepare all þat þou canst  
 savagely sink of; furþer all þy faþers will, þe fiend  
 of hell: too long he held us *in bondage* as he holds  
 þee now. But we, henceforð, shall hold to Jesu, Gods  
 Royal Son, Redeemer of mankind." Þe reeve was so  
 angered þat he ground his teeð, and would go mad, and  
 sent in a mad manner to Maximianus, þe mighty Kaisar  
 of Rome, about þis, what he would recommend; and he  
 bid him carve off þe head of every one, five hundred They are mar-  
 counted up, men and women. One hundred and thirty tyred.  
 pressed on, each before þe rest, to get beheaded, and all  
 went martyrs wiþ joy to heaven.

Eleusius, mean while, caused his men to make a very Eleusius pre-  
 big fire; and bad þem bind her, feet and hands, and cast pares a fire.  
 her into þe fiery heat, to burn *her* up alive. When she  
 looked up and saw þis flame flare, she cast her eyes to  
 heaven wiþ uplifted hands, and þus to Christ cried.

"Abandon me not now in þis need, Lord of Life: mild- Julianas prayer.  
 hearted God, be merciful to me þy maiden, and wiþ þy

neauer nu in þis neode ah mit ti softe grace salue  
mine funnen. Iesu mi felhðe ne warp þu me neauer ut  
of þin ehsihðe. bihald me ant help me ant of þisse reade  
leye ref me arude me þat þeof unselie ne þurue nawt  
seggen. þi lauerd þet tu luuest ant schulde þi scheld beon  
hwer if he nu meiden. Nefde ha buten ifeid fwa þat an  
engel ne com briht af þah he bernde ant iþat ferliche fur  
amidden riht lihte ant hit cwenchte anan euer euch sperke.  
ant heo stod unweommet heriende hire hehe healent wið  
lude stefne.

**P**E reue seh hit acwenct ant bigon te cwakien fwa  
grimliche him gromede ant fet þat balefule beast  
as an burst bar. þat grunde his tuskes. ant feng on to femin  
ant te grispation o þis meoke meiden. ant þohte on hwucche  
wise he mahte hire awelden ant lette fecchen afeat.  
‘t wið pich hit fullen ant heaten hit walm hat. ant

never, now in this need ; but with thy soft grace salve  
my sins. Jesus, my happiness, cast me never out of thine  
to be delivered eyesight, behold me and help me, and from this red flame  
from the sake of the fire, deliver me that these unhappy men need not  
the bystanders.

say, ‘Thy Lord whom thou lovest, and who should be thy  
shield, where is he now, maiden?’” She had but said

An angel comes, so when an angel came, bright as though he burned ;  
and lighting in the midst of the and in that strange fire, right in the midst, alighted and  
fire, quenches every spark. quenched it anon, every spark. And she stood unblem-  
ished, praising her high Saviour with loud voice.

The reeve, seeing  
the fire quenched,  
begins to grind  
his teeth, and  
foam at the  
mouth.

The reeve saw it quenched, and began to quake ; so  
savagely was he angered. And the baleful beast sat, as a  
bristled boar that ground his tusks, and began to foam and  
to grind his teeth at this meek maiden ; and thought in  
what wise he might overpower her. And caused a vessel to  
be fetched and filled with pitch, and heated boiling-hot ; and

softe grace salue mine funnen. ihesu mi selhðe ne warp þu me nawt ut of þin ehsihðe. bihald me ant help me. ⁊ of þis reade lei reef ⁊ arude me. fwa þat \*tes unfeli ne þurue nawt seggen. ji lauerd þat tu leuest on. ⁊ schulde ji scheld beon. hwer if he nuðe. ne bidde ich nawt drihtin þis for deaðef dredneſſe. Ah false fwa hare lahe. ⁊ festne iþine icorene treowe bialeue. schwau nu mihti godi ji meinfulle mahte. ⁊ hihendliche iher me iheizet. ⁊ ihere[t] aa on ecneſſe.

\*[Fol. 54.]

[H]efde ha bute ifeid fwa; þat an engel ne com se briht af þah he bearnde. ⁊ to þat ferliche fur. ipat lei lihte ⁊ acwente hit anan. eauer euch ſparke. ⁊ heo stod unhurt þer amidheppes heriende ure healent wið heheſte ſteuene. þe reue ſeh hit acwenct ⁊ bigon to cwakien. ſe grundliche him gromede. ⁊ fet te baleſule beaſt: af eauer ei iburſt bar. þat grunde hif tuskes. ⁊ fen[g] on to feamin. ⁊ grift-beatiſen grislische up o þis meeke meiden. ⁊ þohte wið hwuch meſt wa. he mahte hire aweaken. ⁊ het fecchen aueat. ⁊ wið pich fullen. ⁊ wallen hit walm hat. ⁊

soft grace salve my sins. Jesu, my joy, cast me not out of thy presence, regard me and help me, and snatch me and rid me out of his red flame, so þat þis unseely one need not say, ‘By Lord on whom þou believest, and who should be þy shield, where is he now?’ I ask not þis, O Lord, for dread of deað, but do þou þus falsify þeir creed and fasten in þine elect þe true faið; display now, Mighty God, þy mainful might, and forðwiþ hear me, þou extolled and glorified ever to all eternity!’

She had but so said, when an angel came, as bright as if <sup>An angel</sup> on fire, and alighted amidst þat perilous fire, in þat flame, <sup>quenches the</sup> fire. and quenched it anon, every spark of it; and she stood at amidhips, *up to þe waist*, unhurt, praising our Saviour wiþ voice on highest. þe prefect saw it quenched and began to quake, so it angered him to þe bottom of *his soul*, and þere sat þe baleful beast, as ever a bristly boar, agrinding his tusks, and beginning to foam and grind his teeð grisly upon þe meek maiden; and þought how wiþ most woe he could get upper hand of her: and he bid fetch <sup>Eleusius orders</sup> a vessel, and fill it wiþ pitch and heat it boiling hot, and <sup>a</sup> pitchbath.

\*[Leaf 68, back.] het warpen hire þrin \*hwen hit wodelukeſt weolle. af me  
dude hire þrin: ha cleopede to drihtin ant hit colede anan ant  
warð hire af wunum. af euer eni wlech weter. þat were  
. iwlaha te baðien. ant leop wallinde hat up aȝein þeo ilke  
þat hit hefden iȝarket. ant for scaldede of ham seoluen fifti  
ant tene. ant fordude fifti al italde. þa þe reue ifeh þif: he  
rende his claðes ant toc him seoluen bi þe top. t feng to  
fiten his mawmez t laſten his lauerd. Swiðe quoð he ut  
of min ehfihðe. þat ich ne seo hire na mare er þe bodi wið  
þe buc beo ifundret from hire heauet.

**S**One af ha þif iherde ha herede god in heouene. t  
warð swiðe gled. For þet heo iwilnet hefde me  
ledde hire. [t] hleac forð ant heo wef eð-luke af ha  
stutte oþe stude þer ha schulde deð drehen. þa com þe  
ilke belial of helle. þat ha hefde ibeatnen hire bihinden.  
ant gon to ȝeien. a: stalewurðe men ne sparie ȝe nawiht.

Juliana is put into a vessel full of boiling pitch; it soon cools and becomes as pleasant as a warm bath to her, though it leaps up and scalds her tormentors.

bad cast her therein when it should boil most furiously. As she was put therein, she called upon the Lord, and it cooled anon, and became as pleasant to her as ever any lukewarm water, that were warmed to bathe (in). And it leapt up, boiling hot, against those same who had prepared it, and badly scalded of themselves fifty and ten, and destroyed fifty, all counted. When the reeve saw this, he rent his clothes and took himself by the hair, and began to quarrel with his idols and blaspheme his Lord.

The reeve orders her to be taken out of his sight. “Quickly,” quoth he, “out of my eyesight, that I may see her no more, ere the body with the trunk be sundered from her head.”

When she reaches the place of execution, Belial comes behind her and encourages her persecutors.

As soon as she heard this, she praised God in heaven and became very glad, for she had desired that. She was led and lugged forth, and she was easy to lug. As she stopped in the place where she was to suffer death, then came that same Belial of hell, that she had beaten, behind her, and began to cry, “Ah! stalwart men, spare not;

het warpen hire þrin. hwen hit meast were iheat 't wodelukest weolle.

[A]s me dude þrin. ha cleopede to drihtin. 't hit colede anan. 't warð hire ase wunsum af þah hit were a wlech beað iwlahaft for þen anes in forte beaðien. 't smat up aȝein þeo þe iþarket hit hefden. 't for schaldede of ham af hit up scheat; \*alle italde bitale. seoue fiðe tene. 't forðre \*[Fol. 54, back.] þet fliue. þa þe reue þis iseh; rende hise clædef 't toc him feolf bi þe top. 't feng to f[1]iten<sup>1</sup> his feont. 't lastin his<sup>1</sup> fiten in both lauord.

**S**wiðe quoð he. wið hire ut of min ehfihðe. þat ich ne seo hire nawt heonne forð mare. ear þe buc of hire bodi. 't tet heaued lileſe liggen ifundret. Sone se ha þis iherde; ha herede goð of heouene. 't warð utnume glead; for þis ha hefde iwilnet. me leadde hire 't leac forð. 't heo wef eðluge. Af ha flutte iþat stude. þer þe fordemeðe schulden deað drehen; þa com þe illke belial þat ha hefde ibeatnen feorren to bihinden 't bigon to þeien. Astalewurðe men ne spearie þe hire nawiht.

ordered her to be cast þerein, when it should be heated hottest and were boiling most fiercely.

When men put her þerein, she cried to þe Lord, and it cooled anon, and became as winsome to her as if it were a warm bað, tempered for þat once to baþe in; and it flew up against þem who had prepared it and badly scalded some of þem as it dashed up, all told by tale, seven times ten, and furþer yet five. When þe reeve saw þis, he rent his cloþes and seized himself by þe hair, and began to flite at his fiends (or mammets) and blasphem his lord.

"Quick!" quoð he, "wiþ her out of my sight, þat I may see her henceforð no more, till þe trunk of her body lie lifeless sundered from þe head." As soon as she heard þis, she glorified þe God of Heaven, and became excessively glad, for þis she had wished. She was led and lugged forð, and she was easily (led): as she stopped in þat place where þe doomed must endure deað; þen came þe same belial þat she had beaten, far behind her, The imp is for-ward. and began to cry, "Ah! stalwart men, spare ber not,

But the pitch  
cools to her.

Eleusius orders  
her beheaded.

ha haueð uf alle scheome idon. schendeð hire nuðen ant  
ȝeldeð hire ȝarewborh ne studgi ȝe neauer. Iuliane þe edie  
openede hire ehnен ant lokede toward him. ant te bali  
blenchte. ȝt braid him aȝeinward af an ifchoten arewe.

\*[Leaf 69.] wumme þat ich \*libbe quoð he þa ioh beo nunan ilaht ant  
ȝef ha keccheð me nu! ne findi neauer leche. igripe ha  
me enef! ne ga i neauer eft mare. ant leac him aȝeinward  
af a beore! þet unwiht. ne mahte him nawt letten. af ha  
schulde stupen ant strecchen forð þe swire ha bed firt ant  
feng on þus to learen þeo þet her weren ant þus seide

**L**vsteð me leoue men ant lideð ane hwile bi-  
wepeð. ȝt bireowsið ower funnen. ȝt laſſeð wið  
ſoð ſchrift. ȝt wið dedbote. leauëð ower unlahlen.  
ȝt buldeð ower boldef uppon treowe ſtaðele þat ne  
dredeð na wind ne na weder nowðer. lokeð þat te  
heouenlich lauerd beo grundwal of al þat ȝe wurcheð.

she has done us all shame; put her now to shame, and  
yield her ready bail; study ye never." Juliana the blessed  
opened her eyes and looked towards him; and the bale-  
ful one blushed and jerked himself backwards as a  
shotten arrow. "Woe is me, that I live!" quoth he  
then, "I shall now anon be caught, and if she catch me  
now, I shall never find a leech; let her once seize me, I  
shall never more go (out of the noose)." And he flung  
himself backward as a bear, that evil being, and could not

When about to suffer death, she teaches those about her:  
"Listen to me, dear men, leave your sins, and build on the true foundation,

"Listen to me, dear men, and hearken awhile. La-  
ment and repent of your sins, and lessen them with  
true shrift, and with amendment; leave your evil cus-  
toms, and build your buildings upon a true foundation,  
that dreads no wind nor weather either. Look that  
the heavenly Lord be foundation of all that ye work;

ha haueð uf alle scheome idon. schendeð hire nuðe.  
þeldeð hire þarow borh efter þat ha wurðe is. Aftale-  
wurðe men doð hire bilue todeað buten abade.

**J**vliene þe eadie openede hire ehnēn t̄ biheold towart openenede MS.  
him; af he þus feide. t̄ tet beali blencte. t̄ breid him  
āeinwart bihindē hare schuldrēn. af for a schoten arewe.  
wumme þat ich libbe quoð he. ich beo nunan ilaht. Ah  
ilecche ha me eft: ne finde ich na leche. Igripe ha me  
eaneſ: ne ga i neauer mare. þrefter o grene. t̄ leac him  
āeinwart af þe bearē [þat] unhwiht in alre diche deofle wei  
ne mahte nawt letten. Af ha schulde stupin t̄ strecche  
forð \*þat swire: ha bed first t̄ feng on þus forte learen þeo  
þe þer weren.

\*[Fol. 55.]

**L**vsteð me leoue men t̄ liðeð ane hwile. Bireowfið  
ower funnen. t̄ saluið wið foð schrift t̄ wið deað  
bote. leaued ower unlahan. t̄ buldef up o treowe eorðe.  
þat ne dredeð na ual for wind ne for wedere. lokið þet te  
heouenliche lauerd beo grund wal of al þat þe wurchede.

she hað done us all shame; shend her now; yield her  
ready bail according as she's worð: ah! stalwart men,  
do her to deað belive, wiþout tarrying."

Juliana, þe blessed, opened her eyes and cast a look towards him, as he þus said, and be baleful one blenched, and jerked himself backwards behind þeir shoulders as if at a shotten arrow. "Wo is me! þat I live," quoð he, "I shall be now anon caught: but if she catch me again, I shall find myself no leech. Let her grip me once, I shall never more move after þat out of her noose." And he flung himself backwards, did þat evil one, as a bear, in all þe devils way, and could not hinder himself. When she was to stoop down and stretch forð her neck, she prayed a moments respite, and began þus to instruct þose þat were þere.

"Listen to me, beloved men, and attend to me a while. Berue your sins and salve þem wiþ true shrift and wiþ repentance, abandon your ill customs and build upon safe ground, where one need not fear a fall for wind nor for weaþer. Have a care þat þe Heavenly Lord be þe foundation of all þat ye do,

for þat stont studelfast falle. cleopeð þeorne to godd  
 in hali chirche þat he þeoue ow wit wel forte donne  
 ant sfrenge ow wið his sfrencðe æxin þen strunge  
 unwiht. þat seleð euer t áá ow forte swolhen. lusteð  
 writen lare ant luuieð þrefter. wel if him þat wakeð  
 wel in þis lutle hwile t witeð wel him seoluen. ant  
 heorteliche sikeð ofte for his sunnen. þis world weint awei  
 af weter þat corneð ant af imet sfeuen awindeð hire  
 murhðen ant al nis buten a lef wind þat we liuieð. leaued  
 \*<sub>[Leaf 69, back.]</sub> þe lease ant luuieð þe soðe. for we schulen \*leten þis lif  
 nute we neauer hwenne ant reope we of þat ripe sed þat  
 we seowen swiðe ich bifeche ow þat ze bidden for me:  
 breðren ant sustren t cuſte ham a cof of pef alle af ha  
 stoden ant biheold uppard ant hehede hire stefne.

**L**auerd godd al mihti þu luuest treowe bialeue ne lef  
 þu to þin ifan þin ilicneſſe. ah underfeng me to

which stands fast, whatever else falls. Cry earnestly to God in holy church, that he give you wit to do well and strengthen you with his strength against the strong evil being, who lays snares ever and ay in order to devour you. Listen to the lore of scriptures and love it thereafter. It is well for him that

watches well in this little while, and guards himself well and often sighs heartily for his sins. This world wends away, as water that runs, and as a dreamt dream vanish its joys; and all that we live is but a false wind. Leave the false and love the true; for we must leave this life, we never know when, and we reap of that harvest seed that we have sown. Greatly I beseech you to pray for me, brethren and sisters." And she kissed them a kiss of peace, all as they stood, and beheld upward and raised her voice.

"Lord God Almighty, thou lovest true belief; leave not thy likeness to thy foes, but receive me to

This world passes away like a running stream; its joys vanish like a dream."

She gives them a kiss of peace, all as they stood, and raised her voice.

"Lord God Almighty, thou lovest true belief; leave not thy likeness to thy foes, but receive me to

for þat stont studeuestalle. þat falle. ȝeieð to godd in hali chirche. þat he ȝeoue ow wit wel forte donne. ¶ strenge ow wið his strengðe. aȝein þe stronge unwiht þat sekeð<sup>1</sup> seleð in both eauer. ¶ aa. ow to forswolhen. lustnið lustiliche hali writelare. ¶ liuieð þrefter. wel him þe wakeð wel. ¶ i þis lutle hwile wit her him seoluen. ¶ heorteliche sikeð ofte for his funnen. þis worlt went awei. af þe weater þe eorneð. ¶ ase sweuen imet awint hire murhðe. ¶ al nis bute a leaf wind þat þe iþis worlt liuieð. leauieð þat leaf if. ¶ leoteð lutel þrof. ¶ secheð þat soðe lif þat aa leasteð. for þis lif ȝe schulen leoten. ¶ nuten ȝe neauer hwenne. ¶ reopen ripe of þat sed þat ȝe her seowen. þat is underne ȝeld of wa. oðer of wunne. after ower werkes. Swiðe ich biseche ow. þat ȝe bidden for me. breðren. ¶ sustren. ¶ cuſte\* ham coſſ of<sup>2</sup> peiſ alle af haſtoden. ant biheold up<sup>2</sup> MS. of. part. ant hehede hire ſteuene.

\*[Fol. 55, back.]

**L**auerd godd almihti. ich þonki þe of þine ȝeouen. nim ȝeme to me nuðe. þu luueſt ouer alle þing treowe bileaue. ne leſ þu neauer to þi va; þin ilicneſſe þat tu ruſdeſt

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for þat will stand steadfast, happen what may. Cry to God in holy church, þat he give you wit to do well and strengðen you wiþ his strengð against þe strong evil one, who seekeð ever and aye to devour you. Listen wiþ pleasure to lore of Holy Writ and live by it. Well tis wiþ him þat watcheð well and in þis little while here guards himself, and oft sigheð heartily for his sins. Þis world passes away as þe water þat runneð; and its mirð vanishes away as a dream dreamt; and all þat lives in þis world is but a false wind. Leave what is false and esteem it but little, and seek þe true life which lasteð for ever. For þis life ye shall quit, and ye never know when, and shall reap a harvest from þe seed ye have sown: þat is to say, an open recompence of woe or of happiness according to your works. Much I beseech you þat ye pray for me, breðren and sisters," and she kissed þem boð a kiss of peace all as þey stood, and cast her eyes upwards and elevated her voice. "Lord God Almighty, I þank þee for þy gifts, have a care for me now; þou lovest above all þings a true faið; never to þy foes leave þy likeness þat þou savedst

þe. ¶ do me in þin englene hird wið meidnef imeane. ich  
 aȝeoue to þe mi gaſt drihtin. ¶ wið þat ilke beide ¶ def  
 duuelunge dun to þer eorðe fone bihefdet. ant þe edie  
 englef wið hire fawle singinde fihen toward heouene.  
 soððen fone þerefter com a feli wummon sophie inempnet.  
 bi nicomedef burh o rade toward rome. of heh cun akennet  
 ¶ nom þif meidenef bodi. ¶ ber hit in a bat biwunden  
 deorliche in deorewurðe clæſef. af ha weren in wettre com  
 a steorm ¶ draf ham to londe into campaine. ¶ þer lette  
 sophie from þe sea a mile setten a chirche ¶ don hire bodi þrin  
 in stanene þruh hehliche af hit deh alhen to donne. þe reue

and commands thyself and set me in thine angels host with company of her soul to God. She sinks down to the earth; and the blessed angels bear her soul to heaven.

that same, she bent and sank sinkingly down to the earth, soon beheaded. And the blessed angels with her soul, singing,

ing, ascended toward heaven. Then soon after that came

Sophia takes the maidens body in a boat; and being driven to shore in Campania, causes the body to be put in a stone coffin.

up dearly in precious cloths. When they were on water, a storm came and drove them to land, into Campania.

And there, a mile from the sea, Sophia had a church set, and her (Julianas) body put therein in a stone coffin, solemnly, as it is right to do with saints. The reeve,

of deað; þurh þi deað o rode. ne let tu me neauer deien iþe  
eche deað of helle. Vnderueng me to þe. T do me wið  
þine. iþat englene hird wið meidenes imeane. Ich aȝeoue  
þe mi gaſt deorrewurðe drihtin. T do hit bliſſule godd for  
þin ibleſcde nome to ro. T to reſte. wið [þat<sup>1</sup>] ilke ha<sup>1</sup> Not in MS.  
beide hire T beah duuelunge adun biheſdet to þer eorðe.  
ant te eadie englef wið þe fawle ſinginde ſihen in to  
heouene.

**A**nan þreſter fone. com aſeli wummon. bi Nichomedeffe  
burh o rade toward rome. Sophie weſ inempnet of  
heh cun akennet. T nom þis meidenes bodi. T ber hit in to  
hire ſchip biwunden ſwiðe deorliche ideorrewurðe clæſeſ.  
As ha weren iwatere. com a from þat te ſchip ne mahte  
na mon ſteorin. T drof ham to drue lond in to champaine  
þer lette sophie. from þe ſea a mile. ſetten a chirche. T  
duden hire bodi þrin in a ſtanene þruh hehliche af hit deh  
halhe to donne.

**P**e reue fone fe he wifte. þat ha weſ awei ilead. leup  
\*for hihðe wið lut men into a bat T bigon to rowen

\*[Fol. 56.]

from deað by þy deað on þe cross: nor let me ever die  
in þe eternal deað of hell. Receive me to þyſelf and  
place me wiþ þy *saints* in þe company of angels togeþer  
wiþ maidens. I surrender þee my spirit, precious Lord!  
and Blissful God, for þy Blessed Name, commit it to  
repose and rest." Wiþ þat same she bowed and bent her-  
self sinkingly down, beheaded, to þe earð, and þe blessed she is beheaded. angels wiþ þe soul ascended singing to heaven.

Anon after þat soon, þere came a seely woman by  
Nicomedie on her way towards Rome, Sofia she was  
named, born of high kindred, and she took þis maidens  
body and bore it in her ſhip, wound very preciously in  
ſumptuous raiment. While þey were on þe water, þere  
came a ſtorm so þat no man could ſteer þe ſhip, and it  
drove þem to dry land into Campania. þere Sofia had a  
church erected a mile from þe ſea, and placed Julianas Her body re-  
body þere in a ſtone coffin, as ſolemnly as it is fit to ceives burial.  
deposit a saint.

þe prefect, as soon as he knew þat she was led away, The prefect  
leapt in hope wiþ his men into a boat, and began to row

þa he herde þis: bigon te rowen efter forte reauen hit  
 ham: t iþe [sea] senchte. for þer arisen stormes starcke  
 t stronge t breken þe schipes bord. adrenchten on hare  
 \*[Leaf 70.] þrittusē sum an þerto eke fowre. ant warp ham adriuen to  
 þe londe. þer af wilde deor limel to luken ham t te unseli  
 fawlen funcken into helle.

**P**vf þat edie meiden wende þurh pinen to heouenliche  
 wunnen in þe nomecuse burh nicomede hatte oþe  
 sixteenſe dei of feouerelef moneð. þe fortende kalende of  
 mearch þat cumeð after. heo us erndi to godd þe grace of  
 him seoluen. yet rixleð in þreohad. t þah if an untweamet  
 iheret ant iheiet wurðe he him ane af he is wurðe ant euer  
 ah te beonne world abuten ende. AMEN.

The reeve rows when he heard this, began to row after to bereave them of  
 after them; but his ship is broken, and he is drowned with thirty others.  
 it; and sank in the sea; for there arose storms, stark and strong, and broke the ships board, drowned some  
 thirty of them, and also four besides; and drifted them to the land, where wild beasts rent them limb from limb,  
 and the unhappy souls sunk into hell.

Thus the blessed maiden passed to heavenly joy at Nicomedia.  
 May she intercede for us with God.

Thus the blessed maiden went through pains to heavenly joys, in the renowned city, called Nicomedia, in the sixteenth day of Februarys month, the fourteenth before the kalends of March that cometh after. May she intercede for us to God for the grace of himself, who reigns in three persons, and yet is one, undivided! Praised and exalted be he alone, as he is worthy, and ever ought to be, world without end! Amen.

swifliche after. forte reauin hit ham. *T* i þea sea fenchon. *T* arisen stormes se sterke *T* se stronge. þat te bordes of þis bat bursten *T* to breken. *T* te sea sencte him on his þrituðe sum ant þer to þet fowre. *T* draf him adrenchet dead to þe londe. þer ase wilde deor limmel to luken ham. *T* to limeden eauer euch lið from þe lire. an te unseli sawlen funken to helle. to forswelten isar *T* isorhe eauer.

**H**vf þe eadi iuliene wende þurh pinen. from worldliche weanan; to heoueriches wunnen iþe Nomecuðe burh Nicomede inempnet. i þe Sixtenðe dei of feouerreref moneð. theis dai of februarye is þe fowrtuðe Kalende of mearch þat if seoððen. the 14 kalend

**H**eo us erndi to godd. þe grace of him seoluen. þe of marche. *H*ixleð in þreo had. *T* tah if untweamet iheret *T* iheiet beo he him ane af he wes *T* if eauer in eche.

**H**wen drihtin o domes dei windweð his hweate. *T* weo[r]pð þat dusti chef to hellene heate. He mote beon a corn i godef guldene edene. *þe turnde þis of latin to englische ledene.* Ant he þat her least. on wrat fwa af he cuðe. **AMEN.**

swiftly after *her body*, to fetch it by violence from *hem*, and sink it in *þe sea*; and *þere* arose storms so stark and so strong *þat* *þe* planks of *þe* boat burst and broke to pieces, and sank him in *þe* sea with *þirty* *obers*, and four more besides, and drove him when drowned dead to *þe* land; where wild beasts tore him limb from limb, and severed each joint from *þe* flesh, and *þe* unseely souls sunk to hell to perish in sore and in sorrow for ever.

þus *þe* blessed Juliana passed *þrough* pains from temporal miseries to *þe* joys of *þe* kingdom of heaven, in *þe* famous town named Nikomedia, on *þe* sixteenth day of Date of her com- February, *þe* fourteenð of *þe* calends of March following. memoriam.

May she intercede for us for *þe* grace of Himself who reigneð in *þree* persons and yet is undivided, glorified and extolled be He, One as He was, and is, and ever shall be.

When *þe* Lord on doomsday winnowed his wheat and *þrowed* *þe* dusty chaff to heats of hell, may he be an elect one in Gods golden Eden who turned *þis* out of Latin into *þe* English language: and he also, least in *þis* matter, who penned it as well as he was able. Amen.

[In a sixteenth-century hand, at the bottom of page 56 of the Bodleian Text, is the following:]

Whan Judge at domesday dothe winnow his wheat  
And drives dustye chaffe into hellishe heat  
God make him a corne, in Eden to duell  
That owt of latine this treatise did freat  
And him that last wrote Amen. *& Maidwot (?)*

## SEYN JULIAN

(THE LIFE OF ST. JULIANA),

FROM ASHMOLE MS. 43.

Seyn Julian com of heie men: as we fyndeþ iwrite.  
Cristene stilliche he bicom: þat no mon ne scholde iwite.  
Maximan het þe emperor: þat heþene was þo. 4  
Alle cristenenem he dude to deþe: þat he miȝte of go.  
A gret maister he hadde vnder him: þat het elise  
He wolde þat Julian to him: iwedded scholde be.  
Wiþ hire fader and moder he spek: so þat hi were at on.  
þo he wende to þis holi maide: and wende habbe is wille anon. 8  
Swete sire quap. Seyn Juliane: it ne ualleþ noȝt to me  
Bote þou were mon of more power: to be ispoused to þe.  
þis mon was glad uor þis word: to þe emperor he wende.  
Noble ȝiftes he him ȝef: and fair present him sende. 12  
So þat he made him vnder him: hext Justice of is londe.  
To don and hote wat he wolde: uor is ȝift and uor is sonde.  
þis Justice wende to Juliane: þo is power was.  
*And* wende hire habbe as is spouse: ac he failede of is as. 16  
þis maide him uaire vnswerde: leue sire heo sede  
Bote we be boȝe of one lawe: we ne mowe noȝt be of one rede  
Cristene womman icham iwis: I ne reche ho it wite.  
Bicome cristene for my loue: and me þou hast biȝite. 20  
Sori was þis luþer man: he nuste þo wat he miȝte.  
Wuste þis he sede<sup>1</sup> þe emperor: he wolde luþer þe diȝte.  
ȝif we cristene beþ boȝe: we worþeþ sone dede.  
Penne our Ioie were al ido: þat we scholde to gadere ledē. 24  
Ihote<sup>2</sup> icham alle cristenenem: to deþe do vp myn oþe.  
þeruore lemmون turn bi þoȝt: and haue reuȝe of ous boȝe.  
Leue sire quap þat maide: ȝif þou art adrad:  
Of þe emperor þat is erliche<sup>3</sup> man: iwis þou art amad. 28

<sup>1</sup> Read (he sede). “if þe Emperor knew þis (said he).

<sup>2</sup> “Commanded.”

<sup>3</sup> “Earðly.”

þei is power be non such : sone it wole ago.

Ac dred god þat power haþ : of ech þing euermo.

[Fol. 255.] Swiþe sori was þis luþer man : þat he ne miȝte hire þoþt wende  
To habbe conseil of hire fader : after him he let sende. 32

þo hi to gaderes come : to gaderes hi made gret feste.

*And* fondede hire clene þoþt : to chaunge þoru uair biheste.

þo hi speke uairst wiþ hire : þis maide hem ȝaf answers.

Icholle holde þat ichabbe itake : ȝe ne doþ me þer of no dere. 36

At o word ȝe ne turneþ me noþt : þer aboute ȝe spilleþ breþ.

Doþ me wat pyne ȝe wolleþ : uor I ne drede noþt þen deþ.

þe hi seie þat þis maide : hire þoþt chaungi nolde.

Hire fader bitok hire þe Justice : to do wiþ hire wat he wolde. 40

þe Iustice let hire strupe naked : *and* legge hire plat to grounde.

Six knyȝtes eode hire aboute : *and* made hire mony a wounde.

Hi leide hire on wiþ harde scorges : þat hi weri were.

Euer lay þis maide *and* louȝt : as hire noȝing nere. 44

þo hi seie hire stable þoþt : þat heo nas in none fere.

Hi nome *and* henge hire up abem : bi þe tresses of hire here.

þer bi heo heng half an day : knyȝtes bi neȝe stode.

Wiþ scourges hi leide euer vpon ; þat [heo] stremd al ablode. 48

þe more turment þat hi hire dude : þe bet hi hire paide<sup>1</sup>.

þo hi ne miȝte hor wille habbe : adoun hi nome þis maide.

*And* bed hire turne biuore hire deþ : hire þoþt on alle wise.

*And* þenç on hire heie kunne : *and* hire owe gentrise. 52

þo hi ne miȝte uor noȝing : bringe hire of hire þoþt.

A chetel wol of iwelled bras : biuore þis maide was ibroȝt.

Hi ȝote adoun aboue hire scoldren : as heo vpriȝt stod.

Bi rug *and* wombe it orn adoun : as it were flod. 56

Fram þe necke to þe fot ; ech stude it þoruȝ soutȝe.

Euer stod þis holi maide : as hire noȝing ne rouȝt.

Louerd muche is þi myȝte : so muche iweld bras.

In hire woundede bodi ne greuede noþt : uair miracle þer was. 60

Wod wroþ was þo þe Justice : he het his men hire lede.

In to strong prison *and* bounde hire faste : uorte me nome oþer  
to rede.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Pacare.

<sup>2</sup> Corr. Uorte nime oþer rede.

þo þis maide in prison was: þe deuel to hire wende.

In fourme of an angel: *and* sede þat our louord him þuder sende. 64

Forto saui hire fram þe deþ: *and* wissi hire wel to done.

þat heo tormentes uorte fle: dude<sup>1</sup> þe Justices bone.

Vor our lord hadde of hire reuþe: *and* wilnede hire lif.

*And* leuere hadde þen heo were ded: þat heo were iwedded to wif. 68

þis maide stod in grete þoȝt: þat he hire þerto gan rede.

[Fol. 26.]

*And* þat our lord hire so het: bi him as he sede.

Heo sat akne *and* bad our lord: þat he hire scholde lere.<sup>2</sup>

Wel to done *and* warny ek: wat þe messenger were. 72

As heo sat in hire orison: heo hurde a uois þat sede.

Be studeuast in þi bileue: *and* ich þe wole wel rede.

Ac þe messenger aske wat he be: *and* ne haue of him no drede.

*And* nym him uaste uor icholle: be wiþ þe in eche neode. 76

þo þe maide þis iurde: þen deuel heo nom wel uaste.

Heo made þe signe of þe crois: *and* to hire fet him caste.

Tel me heo sede wat þou art: oþer icholle þe quelle.

Leuedi he sede let me go: *and* icholle þe sone telle. 80

Nay þou schalt abide her: þis maide sede þo.

Vorte þou me telle wat þou art: *and* þanne þou schalt go.

þo sede he icham a deuel: ich hote belial.

Aȝen ech mannes good dede: ich can do luþer gal. 84

þo adam *and* eue wolde: in godes seruice be.

Ich hem broȝte in dedliche sunne: þoru þe apel of þe tre.

Bitwene caym was muche loue: *and* abel is broþer.

Ich made þoru a lutel enuye: þat on sle þat oþer.

88

Ich made ihesus on þe rode deie: ac þat we seþþe aboȝte.

*And* herodes þe children sle: þo me ihesus soȝte

Ichabbe ymad men oþer sle: *and* scipes in þe se drenche.

Alle wo ichabbe anerþe ido; þat man may on þenche.

92

Ho sende þe huder quaþ þe maide: þe deuel aȝen sede.

Satan oure maister þat is atom: þat schal ous alle rede.

ȝif he send þou quaþ þis maide: to eny holi manne.

*And* þe ne mowe him noȝt ouercome: wat deþ he wiþ þou  
þanne. 96

<sup>1</sup> Should do.

<sup>2</sup> Compare On cneowum sittende Ælfr. Oros. III. ix.

Panne ne dorre we quaþ þe deuel : biuore our maister wende.  
 Ours accountes uorte ȝelde : ac [he] let ous of sende.  
*And* ȝif we awer beþ ifounde : he let ous bete sore.  
 Per uore wenne we fyndeþ eny mon : stable in godes lore. 100  
 We fondeþ him in luþer þoþt : to bringe myd al our miȝte.  
 Ac anon he mai ous ouercome : ȝif he wole aȝen ous fiȝte.  
 Vor we nabbeþ power no mon to bringe : in sunne aȝen is mode.  
 Vor ihesus bynom ous þulke miȝte : þo he deide on þe rode. 104  
 Of al þat ichabbe anerþe igo : so clanliche ouercome.  
 Neuer Inas as ich nou am : my miȝte me is bynome.

[Fol. 26b.] Maide uor þyn hendescipe : þou haue mercy of me.  
 Let me go at þis one tyme : Ine schal neuereft derie þe. 108  
 Alas þat Inadde er iwast : wat me scolde bitide.  
 Certes quaþ þe maide þo : ȝut þou schalt abide.  
 Þis maide nom þis foule best : *and* faste it gan bynde.  
 Myd a raketeie þat aboute hire was : his honden him bihinde. 112  
 Myd anoþer Irene raketeie : heo bet him swiȝe sore.  
*And* euer sede þis foulde best : hende maide þyn ore.  
 Haue reuþe of þi wreche prison : *and* þench þat þou art fre.  
 Inabbe icome nei non : þat me dorste hondli ne ise. 116  
*And* þou me darst þus tormenti : alas wi ne mai ich fle.  
 Wi artou so strong maidenhod : þat þou ne miȝt ouercome be.  
 Alas maidenhod alas : wi woltoȝ wiȝ ous fiȝte.  
 Maidens ichulle euereft drede : Inabbe aȝen hem no miȝte. 120  
 þe wule þis maide tormentede : þus þis foule wiȝt.  
 þe Justice het þis maide ueste : biuore him anon riȝt.  
 þe maide nom þis foule best : *and* after hire it drouȝ.  
 Leue leuedi he sede þin ore : iscend icham Inouȝ. 124  
 Ne make þou namo men gawen on me : nartou corteis *and* hende.  
 Pench þat maidens scolde milde be : *and* bring me of þis bende.  
 War<sup>1</sup> is kunde of þi maidenhod : þat scholde be milde *and* stille.  
*And* þou art aȝen me so sturne : hou miȝtou habbe þe wille. 128  
 So longe he on þis maide cride : as heo him drouȝ *and* ladde.  
*After* hire þoru cheping : þat reuþe of him heo hadde.  
 A chaambre foreine heo iseи : al ope to ward þe strete.  
 Vol it was of uelþede : old *and* al uorlete. 132

<sup>1</sup> “Where.”

þis maide nom þis foule þing : and caste it amydde.  
 Dai þat wolde neschere<sup>1</sup> bed : him biseche oþer bidde.  
 Vor it was good Inou to him : bineþe and eke aboue.  
 Wat seggeþ þe segge ich soþ : ne lie; noȝt for is loue.      136  
 ȝut nolde þis luþer men : þat iseie al þis dede.  
 Bileue on god and turne hor þoȝt : ac þe more hire wiþ sede.  
 þo heo biuore þe Justice com : hi wolde chaunge hire þoȝt.  
 And bihete hire prute and gret nobleie : ae al ne huld it noȝt.    140  
 A weol of Ires swiþe strong : biuore hire hi caste.  
 Al were þe velion<sup>2</sup> aboute : wiþ rasours istiked faste.  
 þe weol hi turnde aboute : þe maide þer bi hi sette.  
 Depe wode in hire naked flech : þe rasours kene iwette.<sup>3</sup>      144  
 þat þo hire flech was al icorue : so depe hi wode and gnowe.      [Fol. 27.]  
 þat þe bones hi to slitte : and þe marw out drowe.  
 þe marw sprong out al aboute : so ouercome heo was  
 þat heo al mest ȝef þen gost : and no wonder it nas.      148  
 Of al þat me drou hire tender lymes : it ne reu hire noȝt enes sore.  
 Ac euer sede þat ihesu crist : þolede uor hire more.  
 Glade were þo þe luþer men : þat so nei þe deþe hire seie.  
 Ac our louerdes wille nas it noȝt : þat heo scholde þe ȝut deie.    152  
 An angel myd a naked swerd : to þe weol aliȝte  
 And hew it al to smale peces : þer was godes miȝte.  
 And þis maide eode uorþ al hol : as hire nolping nere.  
 Sore dradde þis luþer men : þat þere aboute were.      156  
 Our lord crist can so is fon : wen is wille is afers.  
 Vif hondred turnde to him : uor þulke miracle þere.  
 And an hondred wemmen and þritti : þer ne bileuede noȝt on.  
 þat þis luþer men in þe place : ne let biheuedi echon.      160  
 Toward þis maide þe Justice ; uor wraȝþe was nei wod.  
 He let make of wode and col : a strong fur and good.  
 Amydde he let þis maide caste : uor heo frobrenne scholde.  
 Hi wende hire to ale anon : ac our lord it nolde.      164  
 An angel þer com and þis fur : to spradde wide and drouȝ.  
 Amydde þe place þe maide stod : harmles and glad Inouȝ.  
 Heo þonkede god and sat akne : and hire orison sede.  
 þe Justice sede wat scholle we do : wat schal ous to rede.    168

<sup>1</sup> Softer.<sup>2</sup> Fellies.<sup>3</sup> Whetted.

We ne scholle þis foule wiche: ouercome wiþ no dede.  
þif no fur ne mai hiræ brenne: in led we scholle hiræ brede.

A chetel he sette ouer þe fur: and fulde it uol of lede.  
þis maide iseи þis led boili: heo nas noþing in drede.

Anon so heo was þer Inne ido: þat fur bigan to sprede.  
Fram þe chetel it hupte aboue: in lengþe and in brede.

Sixti men and seuentene: it barnde in þe place.

Of luþer men þat stode þer bi: þer was godes grace.

Amydde þe chetel þis maide stod: al hol wiþþoute harm.

þat led þat bolynde was: vñneþe it þoþte hiræ warm.

þe Justice bigan to wepe and crie: þo he þis iseи

Vor is men uorbarnd were: witles he was nei.

Wat doþ þe he sede myne godes: is þourne miȝte þou bynome

Schal a womman wiþ hiræ wichinge: ous alle ouercome.

[Fol. 27b.] Helpes<sup>1</sup> me neu ȝif þe mowe: þat we ne be brogt to scame.

Heo ne schal me wraþhi þus nammore: Ichulle pleie anoþer game.

Com uorþ he sede my manquellars: led þis hore fram me.

And smyt of hiræ heued wiþþoute þe toun: þat ich neuereft hiræ ise.  
Glad was þis holi maide: þo heo wuste hiræ ende.

Vor heo wuste after hiræ tormentes: wider heo scholde wende.

Heo þonkede uaste Ihesu crist: þat after hiræ wolde sende.

Go swiþe heo sede to þe quellars: and bring me of þis bende.

As me ladde þis holi maide: toward hiræ martirdom.

Belial þis foule deuel: wel glad bihynde com.

Ne spareþ noþt he sede ac heieþ uaste: þat heo of dawe be.

Nabbeþ of hiræ nammore reuþe: þen heo hadde of me.

Nolde heo noþing spare me: of al þat ich hiræ bad.

Vnneþe ich dar on hiræ loke: so sore icham adrad.

þo þis maide hurde þis: hiræ eien up heo caste.

A out out þe deuel sede: holdþ hiræ nou uaste.

Leste heo efsone cacche me: and þat me vuel bitidde.

Fle ichulle þe wule: ich mai: doþ þat ich þou bidde.

Ac þei heo him hadde icauȝt: and ileid as clene.

In as uair bed as heo dude er: dait þat him wolde bymene.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. Helped.

<sup>2</sup> Bemoean.

þo heo com to þulke stude : as heo scholde biheded be.  
 To our lord heo made hir<sup>e</sup> orison : *and* sat adoun akne. 204  
 þe quellare as heo bed hir<sup>e</sup> beden : adrouȝ is swerd wel kene.  
 He smot of hir<sup>e</sup> heued fram þe bodi : þat it uel in þe grene.  
 Angles wera þare anon : hir<sup>e</sup> soule uorte auonge.  
 þus heo boȝte þe blisse of heuene : wiȝ tormentes stronge. 208  
 Hir<sup>e</sup> bodi hi lette ligge : hi nolde it burie noȝt.  
 Vor bestes it scholde todrawe : *and* þat was hore þoȝt.  
 A good wommen þat het sophie : wonede þer biside.  
 Burie heo þoȝte þat holi bodi : wat so hir<sup>e</sup> scholde bitide. 212  
 Vor þer nere none eristenemen : lede heo it þoȝte to rome.  
 Al bi scipe to burie it þere : ac þo hi in to þe scipe come.  
 þe wynd com *and* drof hor scip : in to anoþer londe.  
 In to þe londe of campanye : *and* þer it gan at stonde. 216  
 þo hi ne miȝte hor scip þanne bringe : hi nome þoru godes grace.  
*And* burede þis bodi in þe se : in a wel uaire place.  
 þer it is ȝut uaire honoured : ac þo þe tiding was icome.  
 To þe Justice þat þis bodi was : awei ilad *and* ynome. 220  
 He nom wiȝ him uoure *and* þritti men : *and* afterward he gan [Fol. 28.]  
 wende.  
 ȝif he miȝte þis bodi of take : more he þoȝte it scende.  
 Amidde þe se þer com a wynd : as it were uor þe none.  
*And* caste hor scip vp to doun : *and* adreynte hem euerichone. 224  
 þe Justice wreche bodi seþþe : þe se to londe caste.  
*And* bestes *and* foweles it to drowe : þe wile þer apece ilaste.  
 þo hadde he is owe dom : þat he wolde þe maide scende.  
 þus Seyn Julian þe holi maide : hir lif broȝte to ende. 228



## G L O S S A R Y.

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Adet, p. 51 = *Ob þæt.*

As, p. 81 = *Ærce*, gen. -an, f.

Aual, p. 33 = *French* Avale ;  
raþer þan Apell not in dict.

Axtreo, p. 57, *axletree.*

Beali, p. 73 = *þæt beahuwe.*

Berde, p. 53, from Bere, *a voice*, in  
Owl, 7 N; in Laȝamon; in  
Blooms; in G. Douglas. Also  
Holy Rood, Index. Iberde,  
*behaved* = Gebærde, Bed. 600,  
32

Bisteaðet, p. 31, gl. to S. Marh.  
Biwiherlin, p. 57. See gl. to S.  
Marh, on Fiken.

Buc, p. 71, *trunk.* Fals. Dis.  
MS. p. 159.

Budeles, p. 17 = *Byðelarj.*

Buste, p. 24, *baste?*

Cheping, p. 52; p. 84, l. 130.  
Ceaping, *market.* On p. 53.  
B. text is faulty.

Cnawes, p. 55.

Crechen, p. 35.

Dai, Dait, p. 85, l. 134; l. 202.  
“Dehait, Dehé, Dehez, impré-  
cation, qui a la même significa-  
tion que le Vœ ! des Latins.”  
Roquefort.

Dahene, p. 31. Dazena, a well  
sustained form.

Diche, p. 73, a slip of þe pen,  
wþout sense.

Erndi, p. 78. Æpendian.

Fischal, p. 59. Yarrells Fishes  
I. p. 350.

Ga o grene, p. 78 : ambiguous.  
Gal, p. 83, l. 84 : gal a subst. on  
which is built Galfull.

Gencling, p. 56. s. Juhelung.

Godes, p. 47. *of good* (in respect  
of) as in Greek and Latin : so  
Beaduweorca beteran. Chron.  
937.

Juhelung, p. 57, *magnificeonce.* In  
his Psalter, Ps. lxvii. 37, Spelman  
has printed as gloss on  
*Magnificentia*, Gennelung; þis  
is a word of anomalous form,  
destitute of kið and kin. Graff  
gives ur Guol, *insignis*, Guollih,  
gloriosus, Guollih, *gloria*, Guol-  
lihheit, *gloria*, Guollichon,  
*gloriari*; and þese glosses enable  
us to correct Spelman, and  
read Geuelung, *magnificentia*:  
which makes it plain þat Mr.  
Brock should have read Geuel-  
ing on p. 56.

Jetede, p. 7. See gl. to Laȝamon.

Hap, p. 61.

Heascede, p. 5: from, I presume,  
Husc; to say for Eascede would  
involve a figure of speech not  
prettily named.

Her on uuen, p. 53, an error of

þe penman for Heonne, as in R.  
Hire ane, p. 31. Scottish “Her  
lane.”

Hutung. Huting, p. 53.  
 Ilatet, p. 33, perhaps of þe lions,  
*visaged*, from Lates, *looks*.  
 Iburst, p. 69. from *Buñȝt*, *bristle*.  
 Inune, p. 5. I read as Imane =  
 ȝemæne.  
 Iswechte, p. 2, I read as ȝe-  
 ȝpenct.  
 Kenchinde, in gl. to Hali M. read  
*risus excusus*.  
 Leirwite, in Higden ed. Gale, p.  
 202, is *emenda pro corruptione  
 nativæ*, it is þerefore an apokop-  
 ate form of *Foligeþpite*,  
*punishment for unchaste deeds*.  
 Hence corr. gl. H. M.  
 Leoten, p. 22, p. 75, *esteem*, pr.  
 Lette. Laȝam. 22753.  
 Leoten, p. 75, *abandon*. Lætan.  
 Lihan, p. 3; p. 29 ft.; 37, *dis-  
 appoint*. In Lyes dict. Leogan.  
 —luker, p. 71. See Hali M., p.  
 25, l. 19; St. Marh., p. 23, l. 11;  
 H. M. p. 41, l. 32.  
 Lut, p. 77, *few*. Hali M., p. 19,  
 l. 6.  
 Makelese, seems *immaculate*, raþer  
 þan *matchless* in St. Marh., p. 17,  
 l. 16.  
 Nabich, p. 28 = Ne habbe ic.  
 Nam, p. 29 = Ne am = Ne eom.  
 Nestfalde, p. 33.  
 None, p. 86, l. 223.  
 Nunan, p. 73 = Nu anan.  
 Oþer, p. 27. Read Oþe, as p. 26,  
 On þe: þæþe is out of place.  
 Postles, p. 57.  
 Prisun, p. 84, *prisoner*, so Wooing  
 o. O. L., fol. 128, c.

Rawen, p. 21. See Sommers  
 glossary: from "D."  
 Se, pp. 31, 33. *so*, exaggerative.  
 Moyses ferst in his lawe told  
 A chyld þer xuld be born so bold  
 To beþe a;yn þat Adam sold.  
 Sleatten, p. 53, *slot, let loose, laid  
 on track*. þe subst. occ. Chron.  
 1087, *granted þe riht to lay dogs  
 on*. Earles ed. p. 225 top.  
 Anoþer use takes an account of  
 þe game. Man ȝleatte þa  
 ænne ȝeaþr ȝepinga þær-  
 ute. M. H., fol. 62, b. þe  
 people worried wiþ dogs a bull,  
 Of bole slatyng. Alysaundre,  
 200. So Halliwell in Slate  
 from Yorkshire.  
 Spured, p. 59, *spurred*. Mid  
 ȝrupum, G. D., 5, b. wiþ spurs.  
 Steorue, p. 49, gl. to St. Marh.  
 Studgi, *studge*, gl. to St. Marh.  
 Stutten, p. 51, gl. to St. Marh.  
 Tendrin, p. 29, seems to come from  
 Týndrœ, *tinder*, and Tendan.  
 Top, pp. 29, 71, applied here to  
 þe topknot of hair.  
 Unrudelic, p. 55 = Unȝerþæðlice.  
 Wei, p. 21, *Væ!* Wei la! wei,  
*wellaway*, whence *Wail*. But  
 Text R. is more acceptable.  
 Wicche, p. 41, *magus*.  
 Windi, p. 11, related to Windan  
 in *Ætƿindan*, and so forð.  
 ȝin anes help, p. 31, *tuum ipsum  
 auxilium*.  
 ȝen anes, p. 71, þe nonce, as spelling  
 goes now.

## CORRECTIONS.

Pp. 2, 3, titles, *read* liflade.

P. 9, line 5, *read* bijeted.

P. 53, line 12; p. 57, line 6, *read* milzful, milzful, *for* miltasule, miltasful.

P. 63, version line 3, *correct as opposite.*

P. 75, line 15, uppart *error of penman for uppant, upward.*



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